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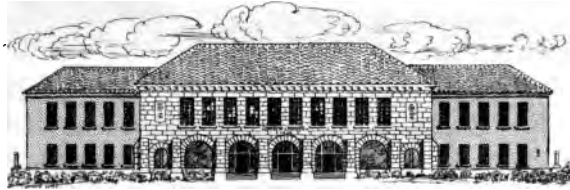
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THE STANDARD
FOURTH READER

BY

MARTIN G. BRUMBAUGH

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PREFACE.

THE transition from a Third Reader to a Fourth Reader in a five-book series involves many new and vital elements. The pupil is no longer simply in the reading-class; he is now in the class of readers. The process of reading has been mastered; reading for culture and for knowledge is now the dominant characteristic of the exercises.

To the end of the preceding book a carefully graded vocabulary led the child step by step to the ready interpretation of good English. The Fourth Reader is too often made merely a book of selections, with no reference to the child's range of ability to read. This book has, it is true, many selections; but they have been made with great care, and comprise only such words as the child has heretofore mastered, together with such new words as will enable the pupil to continue the habit of word-mastery in all his advanced reading.

In other words, this Fourth Reader introduces stately literature from representative authors, and at the same time maintains the gradation begun in the First Reader. To the thoughtful teacher, this must at once appeal as a desirable feature. For the pupil it is all-important. Wide acquaintance with the language is possible only to those who continue the habit of word-mastery through all the years of school and even to the years of maturity.

The importance of this is rendered all the more apparent when one recalls the great difference in scope between the vocabulary of a person speaking and the vocabulary of a person reading. The latter is many times greater than the former. Hence to read well, the child needs a wide acquaintance with words.

But vastly more significant is the function of the Fourth Reader, as it reveals to the child the strength and beauty of

the language he has been studying fragmentarily for years. He is now to realize how the words that he has learned become, under the touch of genius, the vehicles of clear, stately thought, the dress of exquisite beauty. To appreciate the difference between saying a thing and saying it well is to have the culture insight, the true end in reading.

Especial attention is called to the arrangement of the selections. The poems that follow prose selections, as a rule, enforce the essential principles of the prose selections. In this way the clearness of truth is emphasized by the beauty of truth. The child not only knows, but also feels the purport of his reading; and this feeling is all-important. From it springs the entire reformative and ethical significance of the lessons.

No attempt at biographic matter is sought in this book. The interest of the child should be first in what he reads, not in the authorship of his reading. The significance of authorship is lost on the youthful reader, and its presentation at this stage of advance is largely a waste of space and of time. Let the poems be committed to memory, "learned by heart,"—that is, let them be treasured in the emotional life, so that a mis-quotation is as much a discord as false pitch in song,—and the basis of artistic reading is well laid.

What have all these years of study in reading done for the child? They should have fitted him to comprehend the glory of the English language, its stately grandeur and its matchless beauty. If this end be achieved, the reading of the child is an increasing source of pleasure and of profit.

It is in this result that the teacher may safely rest; for once the pupil reads understandingly and appreciatingly there is little need to press for further results. The ethical and the æsthetic reflex upon thought, feeling, and action will inevitably follow.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

As a rule indifferent reading is a result of indifferent appreciation. To lead the pupil to a just appreciation of reading is, therefore, of paramount value. The pupil who mispronounces words, ignores pauses, is indifferent to all the charm of rhythm and of rhyme, and who betrays in his voice no sympathy with the sentiment of the selection he is set to read, is by no means fitted to enter a Fourth Reader grade. To overcome all these defects is the task of the grades below. If, however, they have not been overcome, now is the golden moment. Do not allow the pupil to read and read, in the delusive hope that practice makes perfect. Practice only intensifies processes, only fixes habits. The only practice that makes for perfection is practice with perfect ideals.

Be patient and persistent in working for the results you desire to attain. One selection well read is worth more than a volume carelessly read over. Many of the defects of reading are overcome by aiding the pupil to a proper method of study. The ordinary criticisms by teacher and pupils are valueless, if not injurious. Try to touch the fundamental elements that aid in right reading. At least three elements demand attention:

(1) Go over the selection with the pupil to ascertain whether or not it is *correctly written*. Here all the facts and rules of grammar will be applied. The pupil will begin to see a use for analytic processes. He will have his attention focused upon sentence-structure, and this alone will obviate many of the defects in reading. It will also indirectly but powerfully influence the pupil's own composition, both oral and written.

(2) Go over the selection with the pupil to ascertain

whether or not it is *beautifully written*; that is to say, whether the author uses his language for beautiful effects. The pupil must learn to appreciate the delicate and sensitive touches in a selection,—the elements that make it the work of an artist in words, a genius in language. And in this process the pupil must be free to give expression to his own choice and the reasons for it; and not be forced to choose the elements that appeal to you. His life has had different environment; his outlook is upon other vistas than your own. The really valuable thing is not that he should see as you see; but that he should see as he can see,—that he find as much of his own experiences in the selection as possible.

Let this inquiry be first along broad lines, then upon more restricted ones. If the selection be a poem, as, for example, Lesson XVI., examine each stanza to determine which one imparts the greatest pleasure,—the highest degree of beauty; and, when each pupil has made a choice of stanza, let reasons for the choice be given, and given freely. The whole life of the child springs to the support of his own choice.

This process builds the selective sense in the pupil, makes him analytic, invests him with the power of true interpretation; for no pupil will ever become a reader by merely imitative processes. When the pupil has found the thing he loves in the poem, he should be allowed to read it to the class. His reading will reveal his appreciation and will aid, more than any other agency, in giving to all the members of the class the insight he enjoys.

The next step in this analytic process is taken when the pupil is asked to point out the line or phrase or word that seems to him most appropriately and beautifully used. In Lesson II. are a number of lines of surpassing beauty. Let the pupil find the significance of “dewy fingers cold” as applied to Spring; of “a pilgrim gray” as applied to Honor; and of “a weeping hermit” as applied to Freedom. This figures the process. It may be extended to any reasonable extent; in fact, to the limit of the pupil’s interest.

All the essential facts of rhetoric may in this way be comprehended and applied by the pupil, although it is not wise at this stage to burden him with needless phraseology. It is more important that he should discover the beauty of a personified thought than that he should be obliged to memorize the term personification or its meaning.

(3) Go over the selection with the pupil to ascertain whether or not it is *truly written*; that is to say, whether the statement made is true to fact. Here the truthfulness of thought is consciously sought for. Standards of right are set up, the author's standards are measured, and the interest of the pupil quickened at the discovery that truth and beauty may dwell in the same stanza, and share in the import of the same word. He feels at first vaguely, at last surely, that art is not the perversion of science, but its correlate; that the truth of beauty is one with the beauty of truth.

This line of preparatory work will give a complete training in analysis of language, and heighten the pupil's appreciation of good literature. There will follow, moreover, three important results: *interest* will be largely increased and self-sustained; *power to think* will be increased by being intelligently exercised; and *ethical results* will be attained, since the pupil will see how the language of the author conveys ideals of life, maxims of conduct, of the highest value to him in the organization and discharge of his own duties. He will grow, by reason of his reading, into a reflective and, therefore, a moral being.

One difficulty will, doubtless, be met at the outset. Some pupils will have no inclination to join in these processes. The trouble is this—the pupil either has no ideals to judge from, or has no power to bring the experiences of his own life to bear upon the experiences portrayed by the language of another.

These two cases are quite distinct, and demand separate consideration. It will be found that the former class is not large. To set ideas in vitiated minds is a task as difficult as it is necessary. With such pupils no power is so potent as

the love and sympathy of a sincere teacher. To gain the child's confidence is to gain the child's heart. He will first imitate, and later strive to acquire the principles of the life he loves. He will grow into the conscious realization of the joys of the life he enjoys.

The latter class has been unfortunately trained, imperfectly taught. Life has been one thing ; study, another. Experience has been rich ; study has been poor and uninteresting. Facts that should have been linked to life's activities have been left to slumber in the memory. The child is helpless. Association of ideas is difficult, because isolation of ideas has characterized the process. The task here is simple. The most obvious and commonplace associations must be shown, until the pupil begins to see for himself the relations of things, and the subtle connections between the facts of life and the facts presented in the language of the selection ; until the pupil can read his own experience in the experience of another ; until sympathy is aroused, as he finds in others the delights he experienced under similar conditions.

Keen observation and careful reflection will follow,—*observation* to discover in his environment what the author saw, but as yet he has not seen ; *reflection* to find in his own experience confirmation of the truth stated. Reading thus becomes of twofold significance. It enriches the experience and it enlarges the observation of the reader.

To achieve this there is but one caution—make haste slowly, do the work well. No amount of rapid reading will atone for neglect of these essential processes.

It is a grave question whether the multiplication of reading matter for the pupil enriches his mind. Superficial reading must result in placing a superficial value upon reading. Supplementary reading should be made, true to its name, subordinate to careful, patient, thorough teaching of reading. The reading of many books should be the spontaneous activity of a mind trained to read aright.

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FOURTH READER.

I.—COLUMBIA.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies !
Thy genius commands thee ; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime ;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
'Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire ;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.

A world is thy realm ; for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause ;
On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend from the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the East see thy morn hide the beams of her star ;
New bards and new sages unrivaled shall soar
To fame unextinguished when time is no more ;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind ;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend ;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire ;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image engraved on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile on the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey :
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the East and the South yield their spices and
gold.

As the day-spring unbounded thy splendor shall flow,
 And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
 While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
 Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
 From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed,
 The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
 The wind ceased to murmur, the thunders expired;
 Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
 And a voice as of angels enchantingly sung:
 "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world and the child of the skies!"

NOTES FOR STUDY.

GEN' IUS (<i>jèn'yüs</i>), the guiding spirit or principle of anything.	IN' CENSE, odor of spices burnt as an act of worship.
EN CRIM' SON, to redden with blood.	EN' SIGNS, flags, banners.
' WHELM, same as overwhelm.	PEN' SIVE LY, sadly thoughtful.
BARDS, poets.	CO LUM' BI A, a name sometimes given to the United States in honor of Columbus.
SAGES, men of wisdom and insight.	
TRANS' PORT, unusual passion or emotion.	

II.—HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blessed!

When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

III.—THE LITTLE MATCH-SELLER.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

How cold it was! It was almost night on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and darkness, a poor little girl with bare head and naked feet roamed through the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use.

They were very large—so large, indeed, that they had belonged to her mother; and the poor little girl had lost them in running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling along at a rapid rate. One of the slippers she could not find, and a boy seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that he could use it as a cradle when he had children of his own.

So the little girl went on; her little naked feet quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hand. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had any one given her even a penny.

Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along. Poor little child, she looked the picture of misery! The snow-flakes fell on her long fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders; but she regarded them not. Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savory smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's eve,—yes; she remembered that.

In a corner, between two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sank down and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money.

Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, through which the wind howled, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags. Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold.

Ah! perhaps a burning match might be some good, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike



it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew one out—"scratch!" how it sputtered as it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light.

It seemed to the little girl that she was sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet and a brass ornament. How the fire burned! It seemed so beautifully warm that the child stretched out her feet as if to warm them, when lo! the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the half-burnt match in her hand.

She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and where its light fell upon the wall it became as transparent as gauze. She could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white table-cloth, on which stood a splendid dinner service, and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums.

And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish, and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out! There remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.

She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the

one which she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand toward them. The match went out!

The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like the stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind it a bright streak of fire. "Some one is dying," thought the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls a soul is going up to God.

She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her. In the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet mild and loving. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "Oh! take me with you. I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the large, glorious Christmas tree."

And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noonday, and her grandmother had never appeared so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upward in brightness and joy far above the earth,

where there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor pain ; for they were at home with God.

In the dawn of the morning there lay the poor little girl, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall. She had been frozen to death on the last evening of the old year ; and the New-Year's sun rose and shone upon a little corpse !

The child still sat in the stiffness of death, holding the matches in her hand, one bundle of which was burnt. "She tried to warm herself," said some. No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, nor with what glory she had entered with her grandmother into the New Year.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

A VOID', to shun, to keep away from.	OR'NA MENT, adornment, something added for beauty.
SA'VOR Y, having an agreeable smell or taste.	GAUZE, open-woven cloth or wire.
PRO JECT'ED, extended forward, jutted.	WAD'DLED, walked clumsily.
SPUT'TERED, thrown out with irregular noise.	TA'PERS, small lights.
	VAN'ISH, to pass from sight.

II.

This is a German story, hence the goose is spoken of. In this country the turkey is used instead of the goose.

Study carefully the result of each lighting of the match.

The child was freezing to death, and the visions she saw were the effects of her slowly approaching death. She saw the things her little life had longed for but had not.

IV.—EXCELSIOR.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright :
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

“ Try not the pass ! ” the old man said,
“ Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! ”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

“ Oh stay ! ” the maiden said, “ and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast ! ”

A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

“ Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !”
This was the peasant’s last good-night !
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There, in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

AL'PINE, belonging to the Alps.	SPEC'TRAL, ghost like.
DE VICE', motto, emblem.	GLAC'IER, a stream of ice moving slowly down a mountain.
FAL'CHION, a sword with a curved blade.	LOW'ERS, darkens, threatens.
CLAR'I ON, a clear sounding trumpet.	AV'A LANCHE, a mass of snow sweeping down a mountain.

II.

EX CEL'SI OR, a Latin word meaning still higher, ever upward.	The "faithful hound" is the famous St. Bernard dog used to find lost persons in the Alps.
SAINT BER NARD', a mountain pass in the Alps in which is a convent.	

III.

This poem is a picture of human life. Note how the young man pushes on. The old man is experience; the maiden is love; the peasant is common sense. The youth turns from all and pushes on to his fate.

V.—PUSSY WILLOW AT THE ACADEMY.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The academy which Pussy Willow attended was two miles off; but all the family were used to being up and having breakfast over by seven o'clock in the morning; and then Pussy put on her sun-bonnet, and made a little bundle of her books, and was ready for school.

She tripped away cheerfully down the hard, stony road, along the path of the bright brook, through a little piece of waving pine forest, next through some

huckleberry pastures and patches of sweet fern-bushes, then through a long piece of shady forest, till she reached the academy.

Little Pussy, after her walk of two miles, would come into the academy, fresh and strong, at least a quarter of an hour before school, and have a pleasant time talking with the other girls before school began.

Then she set about her lessons with the habit of conquering difficulties. If there was a hard sum in her lesson, Pussy went at it with a real spirit and interest. "Please don't tell me a word," she would say to her teacher; "I want to work it out myself; I'm sure I can do it."

And the greater the difficulty, the more cheerful became her confidence. There was one sum, I remember, that Pussy worked upon for a week,—a sum that neither her father nor mother, nor any of her brothers, could do; but she would not allow her teacher to show her. She was resolutely determined to find out the way for herself,—and at last she succeeded; and very proud and happy she was when she did succeed.

My little girls, I want to tell you that there is a pleasure in vanquishing a difficulty,—in putting forth all the power and strength you have in you to do a really hard thing,—that is greater than all the pleasures of ease and indolence. The little girl who lies in bed every morning just half an hour later

than her conscience tells her she ought to lie, thinks she is taking comfort in it, but she is mistaken.

She is secretly dissatisfied with herself, and her conscience keeps up a sort of uneasy trouble every morning; whereas, if she once formed the habit of springing up promptly at a certain hour, and taking a good morning bath, and dressing herself in season to have plenty of time to attend to all her morning duties, she would have a self-respect and self-confidence that it is very pleasant to feel.

Pussy Willow's life in the academy was a great enjoyment to her this summer. She felt it a great kindness in her mother to excuse her from all family duties, in order that she might have time to study; and so she studied with a right good will.

Her cheerful temper made her a universal favorite. She seemed among her schoolfellows like a choice lot of sugar-plums or sweetmeats; everybody wanted a scrap or portion. One girl wanted Pussy to play with her; another made her promise to walk home with her; two or three wanted to engage her for recess; all Pussy's spare hours for days and days ahead were always engaged by her different friends.

The girls said, "Pussy is such a dear girl! she is so bright! she makes the time pass so pleasantly!" And Pussy in return liked everybody, and thought there never was so pleasant a school, or such a fortunate girl as herself.

On Saturdays there was no school, and then Pussy would insist on going into the kitchen to help her mother.

“Now, my dear, you ought not to do it,” her mother would say. “You ought to have Saturday to amuse yourself.

“Well, it amuses me to make the pies,” Pussy would say. “I like to see how many I can turn out in a day. I don’t ask better fun.”

So went on the course of Pussy’s education.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

A CAD’E MY, a school next in grade to a college.	VAN’QUISH ING, overcoming, mastering.
CON’QUER ING, (<i>kǒng’-kër</i>), overcoming by force.	IN’DO LENCE, laziness, idleness.
CON’FI DENCE, trust, reliance.	CON’SCIENCE, the power by which to distinguish right and wrong.
RES’O LUTE LY, firmly.	SWEET’MEATS, fruits preserved with sugar.
DE TER’MINED, decided, resolved.	

VI.—SOWING AND REAPING.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Sow with a generous hand ;
 Pause not for toil and pain ;
 Weary not through the heat of summer,
 Weary not through the cold spring rain ;
 But wait till the autumn comes
 For the sheaves of golden grain.



Scatter the seed, and fear not,
A table will be spread ;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread ;
Sow, while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow ;—while the seeds are lying
• In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it—
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow ;—for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day ;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow ;—and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

VII.—THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

JOHANN C. F. SCHILLER.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow :
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,—
 The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,—
 Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
 The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
 But man, as man, thy brother call;
 And scatter, like a circling sun,
 Thy charities on all.

VIII.—THE THREE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

I. Corinthians, Chapter xiii.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth : but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child : but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.

IX.—LITTLE POP-CORN.

Youth's Companion.

“Please, sir, buy some pop-corn?” It was a snowy, blustering day in January ; and I sat at my office-desk, writing, when a small voice addressed me with the above request. “Not this morning,” I replied rather gruffly and without glancing up.

“Come, Jimmy, we must go. He won't buy any,” I heard the small voice say in a whisper. This time there was something sadly old in the

childish tones. They touched my ear and heart together, and I turned quickly. Before me was the figure of a little girl, perhaps eight years old, poorly clad, and beside her a boy,—her brother as I afterward learned,—a little older than herself. She carried a small basket of puffy white corn. There was such a look of innocence in her big gray eyes that I was fairly conquered.

“How much is your pop-corn, my child?” I asked. The pretty mouth dimpled with pleasure as she replied, “Two cents a cup, sir, and two cups for five cents.” I smiled at this odd reckoning, and said, “Oh, you are mistaken! You mean, I guess, three cents a cup, and two for five cents.” She shook her head very decidedly. “No, sir; I am sure mother said so, and she always knows.” “And who is your mother, child, that she lets you come out such a wild day as this is?” “My mother is at home sick; and Jimmy and I do the work; and then we pop the corn, and sell it to get money.”

Growing interested in this small history, I proceeded with my questions. “What is your name?” “Maggie; but mostly they call me Little Pop-Corn.” “Well, then, Little Pop-Corn, have you a father?” Here, at least, I had touched some sensitive chord in the small heart. The sweet mouth trembled a little, as she replied, “Yes, sir; but father went away, and left us seven years ago,

when I was a baby ; and now mother is sick, and Jimmy and I have to work."

"But, my child, have you not heard anything from him for seven whole years?" "Oh, yes. Last year, a man came and told mother that father worked in his mill once, and then father fell sick, and he told Mr. Hudson that he was coming home as soon as he got well again. But that was almost a year ago, and he has not come yet." "Do you know where this Mr. Hudson lives, Maggie?" "Mother knows," was the quiet answer. "Very well. Find out from your mother where he lives; write him a letter, and ask about your father without letting her know it." "I can't write; I only print," was the hesitating reply. "Just as well," said I; "do that."

I then took her round to all the neighboring offices, until she had disposed of all her corn, and both small hands were full of pennies. She was so pleased with her success that her eyes sparkled with delight, and, after a hearty "Thank you, sir;" she walked away.

Several days passed, and I began to believe that I had seen the last of Maggie. Indeed, in the press of business, I had almost forgotten the child's existence, when one morning my office door opened very softly, and she stood before me. She placed on my desk a paper which was much the worse for

many foldings. I opened the paper, and read in letters of all sizes her letter to Mr. Hudson.

After reading her letter, I looked up smiling, and said, "But, Little Pop-Corn, you have not told who you are, nor what your name is, nor anything about yourself. Now write that down here in the corner." She took the paper, and wrote silently for a few moments, then handed it back with this added, "I am Maggie, but some call me Little Pop-Corn." "Very well," said I, suppressing a second smile. "Now tell me where to send it, and then you may go. If an answer comes I will send it to you."

I added a page or two to Little Pop-Corn's letter, explained who she was, and told the unknown Mr. Hudson that he would be repaid for taking the trouble of replying to the child's letter, if only he could see the bright, hopeful look with which that letter was sent.

Again the matter escaped my mind; and as I came in one morning, and looked over my mail, I was for a moment surprised to find a letter directed to Miss Maggie Lee, in a round business hand.

I sent for the child as soon as possible, and she came. I put the letter into her hands, and told her to read it. With eager, trembling haste she broke the covering, and then a look of disappointment came into her face as she said, "I can't read writing, sir; please read it to me."

The letter was brief and manly. The gentleman's heart had been touched by the childish appeal, and he promised to do all in his power to aid Maggie's search. The letter closed: "Good-by, my little girl, and may God bless you! If John Hudson can do anything to make you happy, be sure he will gladly do it."

In an enclosure to me he earnestly assured me of his deep interest in both father and child, and added that he had already advertised for news of the missing man. Several weeks passed by, during which time, through cold and snow and storm, Little Pop-Corn failed not to come every morning with her basket of white treasures.

One morning my door opened as usual, and thinking it Maggie on her daily rounds, I did not even raise my eyes from my work, until a glad little voice said in a triumphant tone, "He has come, sir! he has come!"

Then I glanced up. A man of middle-age stood before me, with drooping head, downcast eyes, and an evident look of shame in his whole bearing. But suddenly a thought seemed to arouse him, and walking toward me he said, "Sir, I thank you for bringing me back to this child; and as surely as I stand here, I promise to be the man I have never been before."

All this happened a year ago; and now, on

Rogers Street, there stands a little candy-shop which is doing a thriving business. Maggie's small head barely reaches above the counter, but her feet are just as brisk and willing as when I first made her acquaintance. The happiness that now exists in that humble home is all due to the childish perseverance and loving trustfulness of Little Pop-Corn.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

BLUS'TER ING, noisy, stormy.

RE QUEST', ask, solicit.

RECK'ON ING, counting.

SEN'SI TIVE, easily affected, excitable.

HES'I TA TING, pausing.

EX IS'TENCE, life, possession of being.

IN CLOS'URE, something put in with other objects.

TREAS'URES, things greatly prized.

AC QUAIN'T'ANCE, knowledge of one as a result of meeting.

PER SE VER'ANCE, steadfastness of purpose.

X.—THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

We were crowded in the cabin,
 Not a soul would dare to sleep;
 It was midnight on the waters,
 And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
 To be shattered by the blast,
 And to hear the rattling trumpet
 Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,—
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked of Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
“We are lost!” the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
“Isn’t God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?”

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

XI.—TWO BRAVE MOTHERS.

I.

A little wren made her nest in a shrub in my yard. She protected it from the cats by building it far out on a slender branch. She hid it from all prying eyes by selecting the side nearest the house and farthest from the path.

Searching one day for some honeysuckle bloom on the wall, I discovered the nest. It had three tiny eggs in it. The mother bird had been sitting on the nest; but flew away at my approach. Day after day I watched her sitting patiently upon that nest. Finally her patience was rewarded. Three baby wrens nestled under her sheltering wings.

One day a sudden storm arose. The wind blew violently. The little shrub was bent and tossed in the wind. The rain came down in torrents. I went to the window to see how the little baby wrens fared in the storm.

On the nest, as it swayed and trembled in the storm, sat the mother bird, carefully covering her brood. A sudden gust of wind bent the branch until the water from the rain-spout poured a flood over the mother bird. She did not move. The nest was flooded with water; but that mother calmly endured the storm and safely sheltered her brood.

Tears came to my eyes. Such devotion is worthy a memorial. I could not help thinking, "How seldom in this world do we put ourselves in the place of suffering, that we may save others."

II.

A gentleman was walking up his garden path on his return from hunting. His dog ran on before

him. Suddenly the dog went slower, and crept carefully forward as if he scented game.

Just before him in the path was a young sparrow, with downy head and yellow bill. The wind, blowing hard through the young birch trees beside the path, had shaken the nest and thrown the young bird out. It was fluttering helpless on the ground.

The dog crept softly up to it, when suddenly the mother bird threw herself down from a neighboring tree. She fell like a stone directly in front of the dog's nose; and, with ruffled feathers, sprang with a terrified twitter against his open, threatening mouth.

She had come to protect her young at the risk of her life. Her little body trembled all over; her cry was fierce; she was frightened almost to death; but she was moved by a power stronger than fear.

The dog stopped, drew back, and seemed to show respect to the heroic bird. The gentleman called his dog away. He reverently walked away saying, "She is a little heroine. Love is mightier than fear, even the fear of death. Love alone inspires and is the life of all."

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

<p>PRO TECT'ED, kept from harm or evil.</p> <p>PRY'ING, looking slyly.</p>	<p>SE LECT'ING, choosing.</p> <p>HON' EY SUCK LE, a climbing shrub with fragrant flowers.</p>
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BROOD, all the birds hatched at one time in one nest. ME MO'RI AL, something to keep in mind noble deeds, a monu- ment.	SCENT'ED, hunted or followed by scent or smell. TWIT'TER, rapid chirping. REV'ER ENT LY, with great re- spect.
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II.

Compare the bravery of the wren with that of the sparrow.
 Give an example of bravery that you have witnessed.
 Why did the wren sit on the nest in the storm? Why did the spar-
 row fly at the dog? Do birds think?
 Does courage depend upon size of body?

XII.—LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Toll for the brave! —
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave
 Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset;
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes;
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plow the distant main:

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plow the wave no more.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

FAST, close, near.

SHROUDS, ropes supporting the
masts of a vessel.

HEEL, to lean over on one side.

MAIN, ocean.

WEIGH (*wā*), raise.

II.

The Royal George was a British war vessel of 108 guns. On August 29, 1782, while in the harbor of Portsmouth, she was heeled or made to lean on one side, in order to be repaired. She overturned and sank. More than 800 persons were drowned, including her commander, Admiral Kempenfelt, who was writing in the cabin when the accident occurred.

XIII.—LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

FELICIA HEMANS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On the stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea :
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band ;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay! call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod:
 They have left unstained what there they found,—
 Freedom to worship God.

 NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

EX'ILES, persons driven from their home country.	AN'THEM, a religious hymn of joy or triumph.
MOORED, anchored, made fast.	HOAR'Y, white, aged.
AISLES (<i>îls</i>), passage-ways, as in a church.	SHRINE, a place made sacred by worship.

II.

This beautiful poem celebrates the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620.

Note how they found their new home, what they did not come for, and what they did come for and find.

 XIV.—HASTY WORDS.

“Please check my baggage,” said a busy man one day as he hurried into the baggage-room at a railway station.

“I will check it after I weigh it,” was the answer of the old baggage-man.

“It is not over-weight,” said the man. “I have had that trunk checked a hundred times, and no one else had to weigh it.”

“That may be,” was the answer; “but my orders are to weigh it, and weigh it I will.”

"My train is about to go. The time is up. Can't you take my word for it? Do you think I would lie?" said the man, growing angry.

"I don't think anything about you; I obey orders. I will weigh this trunk;" and the baggage-man put the trunk on the scales.

"You must be an important man on this road! Are you the superintendent? You seem to own it."

"No, sir; I'm not an officer of any prominence on this road; but I am here to do my work whether you like it or not," was the answer.

The trunk was found to be under weight, as the man had said, and as it was checked and hurried on to the car the owner said, "Good-by, old man; I never saw quite as smart a baggage-smasher as you are." The man hurried to his train. But he did not feel just right. "That baggage-man, after all, was only obeying orders. Why should I have spoken so unkindly to him? And he is an old man, too. I'll run back and apologize," thought he.

Back he ran and said, "I beg your pardon, sir; I had no right to question your duty. It was your duty to weigh my trunk."

"Never mind," said the old baggage-man. "I was too hasty; I should have taken your statement of the weight. I am sorry I weighed it."

"It was my fault; I beg your pardon."

"It was not your fault; it was my own," said the

baggage-man, eager to prove that he was just as chivalrous as the other. Just how the case might have been settled it is difficult to decide. The trainman called, "All aboard;" the man extended his hand and said, "Good-by; forget my rudeness;" and they parted, perhaps, forever.

But the man in the train felt ashamed of his hasty speech, and thought how true are the words, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." The old baggage-man sat in his dingy office and wondered why he had not been less exacting, and said to himself quietly, "The golden rule is not on the company's books, but it is not contrary to the company's rules. Hereafter I follow the golden rule."

NOTES FOR STUDY.

IM POR'TANT, necessary, valuable.	CHIV'AL ROUS, courteous, noble.
PROM' I NENCE, importance, of high rank.	EX TEND'ED, reached out, held out.
A POL' O GIZE, to recall with regret some hasty word or act.	RUDE'NESS, a blunt, unkind, impolite act.
PAR'DON, forgiveness.	DIN'GY, dull, dark, smoky, dusky.

XV.—AN INQUIRY.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Tell me, ye wingéd winds,
 That round my pathway roar,
 Do you not know some spot
 Where mortals weep no more?

Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it whispered "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer "No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
 O, tell me, Hope and Faith!
 Is there no resting-place
 From sorrow, sin, and death?
 Is there no happy spot
 Where mortals may be blest,
 Where grief may find a balm,
 And weariness a rest?
 Faith, Hope, and Love,—best boons to mortals
 given,—
 Waved their bright wings, and whispered “Yes;
 in Heaven!”

NOTES FOR STUDY.

DELL, a small valley, dale, glen.	SE REN'EST, clear, calm, peaceful.
PER PET'U AL, never-ceasing.	BALM, that which soothes pain.
EM BRACE', to clasp in the arms.	BOONS, favors, blessings.

XVI.—PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Come, let us plant the apple tree!
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
 Wide let its hollow bed be made;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly,
 As round the sleeping infant's feet
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet:
 So plant we the apple tree.



What plant we in the apple tree ?
 Buds, which the breath of summer days
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;
 Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast
 Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest.

We plant upon the sunny lea
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in the apple tree ?
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
 To load the May wind's restless wings,
 When from the orchard-row he pours
 Its fragrance through our open doors ;

A world of blossoms for the bee ;
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room ;
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in the apple tree ?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky ;

While children, wild with noisy glee,
Shall scent their fragrance as they pass,
And search for them the tufted grass
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the orange and the grape,
As fair as they in tint and shape,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew ;

And they who roam beyond the sea
Shall look, and think of childhood's day,
And long hours passed in summer play
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower;

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's song, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree!
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Their shadows on the sward below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the task of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this fair apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man will say,
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:

“ A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times ;
 ’Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
 On planting the apple tree.”

NOTES FOR STUDY.

CLEAVE, (<i>klēv</i>), to cut, to divide.	VER'DUR OUS, fresh, green with grass or leaves.
LEA (<i>lē</i>), a meadow, a grassy field.	SWARD, turf, thick sod.
TUFT'ED, gathered into bunches.	QUAINT (<i>kwānt</i>), pleasing, odd, old-fashioned.
RO'SE ATE, of a rose-color, rosy.	

XVII.—THE KING AND THE GOOSEHERD.

VON SCHEURER.

Maximilian, King of Bavaria, was one of the best beloved monarchs that ever sat upon a throne.

He used to tell this story about himself, and when you have read it you will not greatly wonder that such a man should have won the hearts of his people.

One summer morning, in plain walking-dress, he had gone out for a walk in his park, taking a book as his companion. The weather was sultry, and the king, who had seated himself under an old oak, fell asleep; and, on awaking, resumed his walk without taking up his book, which had fallen under the seat.

After he had walked about half a mile homeward the king fumbled in his pockets for his book, and,

not finding it, remembered that he had left it under the oak. Unwilling to lose it, and not caring to go back for it, he looked all around for a messenger, but could see no one except a lad who was looking after a flock of geese.

So, calling the boy to him, the king promised him a florin if he would run for the book. The poor gooseherd cast an incredulous look on the stout gentleman who made him this handsome offer, and, thinking it was some one trying to send him on a fool's errand, turned away, saying, "I am not so stupid as you think."

"Stupid! who thinks you stupid?" asked the king.

"Why, who would be so foolish as to give me a real florin just for running half a mile for a book? No, no; you won't get me to believe that."

"Well, then," said the king, "you know 'seeing is believing.' Look! here is the florin for you."

"If I saw it in my own hand," said the unbelieving boy, "that would be a different matter."

Taking him at his word, the good-natured monarch laid the shining coin in the lad's palm; but instead of running off for the book the boy stood stock-still, and a cloud came over his face.

"What's the matter with you now?" asked the king; "why don't you go?"

"I only wish I could," he replied; "but what

will become of the geese while I am away? If they should stray into the meadow over yonder, I should have to pay trespass-money,—more than a florin,—and lose my place besides.”

By this time the king was quite interested in the frank, outspoken lad: so he promised to herd the geese for him in his absence.

“*You* herd the geese!” said the lad with a laugh; “a pretty gooseherd you would make! You are too fat and too old. Just look at the ‘court gander’ there,—the one with the black head and wings; he is always trying to get me into a scrape; he is the ringleader whenever there is any mischief in the wind. He would lead you a pretty dance.”

“Never mind the geese,” said the king, with a smothered laugh; “I’ll answer for them, and I’ll pay all damages.”

So at last the gooseherd placed the whip in the king’s hand and set out. But scarcely had he gone a dozen footsteps when he turned back.

“What’s the matter now?” called out the king.

“Crack the whip!” cried the boy.

The monarch tried to do as he was bid, but no snap came from the whip.

“Just as I thought,” said the lad. So saying he snatched the whip from the king’s hands and made all the geese tremble to hear the dreaded sound, while showing the king how to produce it.

King Maximilian entered into the joke, and did his best to learn his lesson. At last the gooseherd started off, but not without many doubts and many shakings of his little head. The king sat down, and indulged in a hearty laugh, all forgetful of his charge; and the "court gander" was not slow in learning that the whip was in some other hand than his master's.

With one or two shrill calls to his companions, he took the lead into the forbidden meadow, and was followed by the whole flock. The king made a dash forward to prevent the flock from flying over, but his royal limbs were far from agile; he tried to crack the whip, but all his efforts were in vain. Away went the geese over the marshy meadow, leaving the royal herdsman alone in his glory.

The monarch was half amused and half ashamed on the return of the gooseherd with the book.

"Just as I expected," said the boy: "I have found the book, but you have lost the geese."

"Never mind," said the king smiling: "I will help you to get them together again."

The boy posted the monarch in a certain spot, and told him to wave his arms and to shout with all his might if the geese tried to pass him. The runaways heard the terrible whip and ran together in fear. By one or two well-directed blows on the back of the "court gander" the ringleader was

brought under control and the whole cackling herd driven back.

As soon as the boy saw the flock feeding again in their own pasture he scolded the king soundly for his neglect. Maximilian bore his scolding meekly, and said he hoped the boy would excuse his awkwardness, for, being the king, he was not used to the work.

The gooseherd thought the old gentleman was joking. "I was a simpleton," said he, "to trust you with the geese; but I am not such a simpleton as to believe you are the king."

"Well," said Maximilian, with a smile, "here is another florin as a peace-offering."

The boy took the florin with a doubtful gaze upon the benevolent face of the donor, and said, with a wise shake of the head, as the king was leaving, "You're a kind gentleman, whoever you may be; but take my word for it, you'll never make a gooseherd."

NOTES FOR STUDY.

GOOSE'HERD, a keeper of geese.	IN CRED'U LOUS, doubting, not inclined to believe.
MON'ARCH, sole ruler of a nation, king or queen.	AG'ILE, active, nimble, brisk.
SUL'TRY, hot, moist, and still.	SIM'PLE TON, a weak-minded or silly person.
RE SUMED', begun again, continued after an interruption.	BE NEV'O LENT, kindly, charitable, given in love.
FLO'R'IN, a coin of gold or silver.	

XVIII.—TO MY DOG BLANCO.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street.

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine!

For all the good that I have found
Within myself or human kind,
Hath royally informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars,
Can move you from my side!

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
 More watchful than a sentinel,
 By day and night your constant joy
 To guard and please me well.

I clasp your head upon my breast—
 The while you whine and lick my hand—
 And thus our friendship is confessed,
 And thus we understand!

Ah, Blanco! did I worship God
 As truly as you worship me,
 Or follow where my Master trod
 With your humility,—

Did I sit fondly at His feet,
 As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
 And watch Him with a love as sweet,
 My life would grow divine!

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

VAS'SAL, a slave, a bondman.
 HOM'AGE, respect, reverence.
 LEAL (*læl*), loyal, faithful.

DUN'GEON, a prison.
 HU MIL'I TY, being humble, mod-
 esty.

II.

Note the terms, "dumb friend," "willing vassal," "glad partner," "my shadow." These show the feeling for the dog. The question in the second stanza is answered in the following ones. The closing stanzas introduce a new idea,—the man learns duty from his dog.

XIX.—NATURE'S REPORTERS.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.
There never was a mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers ;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers,

XX.—ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

At Carthage there was once a slave named Androcles, who was so badly treated by his master that he resolved to run away. He therefore secretly left the house and hid himself in a forest, some miles distant from the city.

After wandering about for a long while he came to a cavern, and, being overcome by hunger and fatigue, he entered and lay down for a little rest, but soon fell fast asleep.

He was suddenly awakened by the roar of a wild beast, and, running to the mouth of the cavern, he was met by a great lion, which stood directly in his path and made escape impossible !

Androcles expected nothing else than to be at once torn to pieces, but, to his great surprise, the animal came toward him as if in pain, and with a low moan

seemed to beg for pity and help. As the lion came nearer he noticed that it limped, and that one foot was badly swollen.

New hope inspired him; but, still trembling with fear, he ventured to take the wounded paw in his hand, and to examine it as a surgeon would examine the wounds of a patient. He was not long in finding out the cause of the swelling, for he discovered a large thorn in the ball of the lion's foot.

Androcles extracted the thorn and dressed the wound as well as he was able. This evidently gave the lion immediate relief. Thereupon the great beast began to show his gratitude by every means in his power. He jumped about like a playful spaniel, wagged his tail, and licked the hands and feet of his physician.

From that moment Androcles became his guest, and the lion never went forth in quest of prey without bringing back something to relieve the hunger of his friend.

The slave continued to live in this savage state for several months. At length, wandering carelessly through the woods one day, he was discovered by a party of soldiers who had been sent out to search for him, and was taken back to his master.

He was tried as a runaway slave, and sentenced to be torn to pieces by wild beasts at the public games. When the time for his execution came An-

drocles stood in the middle of the arena calmly awaiting his fate.

Presently a dreadful roar was heard, which made the spectators start and tremble, and a huge lion sprang out of a den, and darted toward its victim with flashing eyes.

But what was the surprise of the multitude when, instead of springing upon the man and tearing him to pieces, the lion crouched submissively at his feet and fawned upon him like a dog!

The governor of the city, who was present, ordered Androcles to explain how it was that the savage beast had, in a moment, become as harmless as a lamb. In reply, Androcles told the story of his adventures in the woods, and concluded by saying that this was the very lion, which stood by his side.

The spectators were so delighted with the story that they begged the governor to pardon Androcles. This he did, and he also presented him with the lion which had thus twice spared his life.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

AN'DRO CLES, a Greek name, meaning a small man.

FA TIGUE', weariness, tiredness.

IN SPIRED', encouraged, cheered.

VEN'TURED, risked, dared.

SUR'GEON, a doctor who dresses wounds.

EX TRACT'ED, pulled out.

QUEST, search.

A RE'NA, place of exhibition, center of a Roman amphitheatre.

CROUCHED, lying low, as in fear or making ready to leap.

FAWNED, showed affection for.

XXI.—AN ADVENTURE.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

High up on the lonely mountains,
The Indians watched and waited;
There were wolves in the forest and bears in the
bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together came down,
And the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned and bruised and blinded,—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There from the blowing and the raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

There we two, in the storm and wind,—
I and the wolf together,—
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me ;
Each of us warmed the other :
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That man and beast were brother.

And when the fallen forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

XXII.—THE MAN WITH AN AXE TO GRIND.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir;" said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my axe on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir;" I answered; "it is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettle full.

"How old are you? and what's your name?" con-



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

tinued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen. Will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the axe was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal! you've played truant; scud to the school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much." It sank deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to customers, begging them to take a little brandy and throwing his goods on the counter, think I, "That man has an axe to grind."

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who in private life a tyrant, methinks, "Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones." When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, "Alas!" methinks, "deluded people! you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

NOTES FOR STUDY.

AC COST'ED, spoken to, addressed.	RUE, regret, grieve over.
BOO'BY, a dull person, a dunce.	SCUD, to run or fly swiftly.
COM'PLI MENT, words of praise or admiration.	HOIST'ED, raised to a high position, lifted up.
FLAT'TER Y, undue praise, insincere words of approval.	DE LU'DED, deceived, misled.

XXIII.—HUMAN PROGRESS.

J. HAGAN.

All is action, all is motion,
 In this mighty world of ours;
 Like the current of the ocean,
 Man is urged by unseen powers.

Steadily, but strongly moving,
 Life is onward evermore;
 Still the present is improving
 On the age that went before.

Duty points with outstretched fingers,
 Every soul to action high;
 Woe betide the soul that lingers—
 Onward! onward! is the cry.

Though man's form may seem victorious,
 War may waste and famine blight,
 Still from out the conflict glorious,
 Mind comes forth with added light.

O'er the darkest night of sorrow,
From the deadliest field of strife,
Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow,
Springs a truer, nobler life.

Onward! onward! onward, ever!
Human progress none may stay;
All who make the vain endeavor
Shall, like chaff, be swept away.

XXIV.—BEN FRANKLIN'S WHARF.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

When Benjamin Franklin was a boy he was very fond of fishing; and in the story of his life written by himself in later years he gives an amusing account of an exploit that grew out of this sport.

It seems that the place where Ben and his playmates used to fish was a marshy spot on the outskirts of the town of Boston. On the edge of the water there was a deep bed of clay, in which the boys were forced to stand while they caught their fish.

"This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades, while they were all standing in the quagmire.

"So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand on!"

Now, it chanced that scattered round about lay a great many large stones which were to be used for

the cellar and foundation of a new house. Ben mounted upon the highest of these stones.

"Boys," said he, "I have thought of a plan. You know what a plague it is to have to stand in the quagmire yonder,—over shoes and stockings in mud and water. See, I am bedaubed to the knees, and you are all in the same plight.

"Now I propose that we build a wharf. You see these stones? The workmen mean to use them for building a house here. My plan is to take these same stones, and carry them to the edge of the water and build a wharf with them. What say you, lads? Shall we do it?"

"Yes, yes," cried the boys: "that's the very thing!" So it was agreed that they should all be on the spot that evening as soon as the workmen had gone home.

Promptly at the appointed time the boys met. They worked like beavers, sometimes two or three of them taking hold of one stone; and at last they had carried them all away, and built their little wharf.

"Now, boys," cried Ben, when the job was done, "let's give three cheers, and go home to bed. To-morrow we may catch fish at our ease." The cheers were given with a will, and the boys scampered off home and to bed, to dream of to-morrow's sport.

The next morning the masons came to begin their work. But what was their surprise to find the

stones all gone! The master-mason, looking carefully on the ground, saw the tracks of many little feet leading down to the waterside. Following these he soon found what had become of the missing building-stones.

“Ah! I see through it,” said he; “those little rascals, who were here yesterday, have stolen the stones to build a wharf with. And I shouldn’t wonder if Ben Franklin was the ringleader. I must see about this.”

He was so angry that he at once went to make a complaint before the magistrate; and his Honor wrote an order to “take the bodies of Benjamin Franklin and other evil-disposed persons,” who had stolen a heap of stones.

If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master-mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his comrades. But, luckily for them, the gentleman was amused at the smartness of the boys: so he let the culprits off easily.

But the poor boys had to go through another trial, and receive sentence, and suffer punishment, too, from their own fathers. Many a rod was worn to the stump on that unlucky night. As for Ben, he was less afraid of a whipping than of his father’s reproof. And, indeed, his father *was* very much disturbed.

“Benjamin, come hither,” said the stern old man. The boy approached and stood before his father’s chair. “Benjamin,” said his father, “what could induce you to take property which did not belong to you?”

“Why, father,” replied Ben, hanging his head at first, but then lifting his eyes to Mr. Franklin’s face, “if it had been merely for my own benefit, I never should have dreamed of it. But I knew that wharf would be a public convenience. If the owner of the stones should build a house with them, nobody will enjoy any advantage but himself. Now, I made use of them in a way that was for the advantage of many persons.”

“My son,” said Mr. Franklin solemnly, “so far as it was in your power you have done a greater harm to the public than to the owner of the stones. I do verily believe, Benjamin, that almost all the public and private misery of mankind arises from a neglect of this great truth,—that evil can produce only evil, that good ends must be wrought out by good means.”

To the end of his life, Ben Franklin never forgot this conversation with his father; and we have reason to suppose that in most of his public and private career he sought to act upon the principles which that good and wise man then taught him.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

EX PLOIT', an act or deed of daring.	PLIGHT, a condition of distress.
QUAG'MIRE, marshy ground that gives way under the foot.	MAG'ISTRATE, an officer of the law.
PLAGUE, trouble, annoyance.	CUL'PRITS, guilty persons, criminals.
BE DAUBED', covered with mud.	CON VE'NIENCE, suitability, fitness.

XXV.—THE WORLD FOR SALE.

RALPH HOYT.

The world for sale!—Hang out the sign;
 Call every traveler here to me;
 Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
 And set me from earth's bondage free?
 'Tis going!—yes, I mean to fling
 The bauble from my soul away;
 I'll sell it, whatso'er it bring;—
 The world at auction here to-day!

It is a glorious thing to see,—
 Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
 It is not what it seems to be:
 For sale! It shall be mine no more.
 Come, turn it o'er and view it well;
 I would not have you purchase dear:
 'Tis going! going!—I must sell!
 Who bids? Who'll buy the splendid tear?

Here's Wealth in glittering heaps of gold:—

Who bids?—but let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold;

Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
And here, spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace;
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill, and plain;—
Who'll buy himself a burial place?

Here's Love, the dreary potent spell

That beauty flings around the heart;
I know its power, alas! too well;—
'Tis going!—love and I must part!
Must part!—What can I more with love?
All over the enchanter's reign;
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,—
An hour of bliss,—an age of pain!

And Friendship,—rarest gem of earth,

(Whoe'er hath found the jewel his?)
Frail, fickle, false, and little worth,—
Who bids for friendship—as it is?
'Tis going! going!—Hear the call:
Once, twice, and thrice!—'tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,—
But now the broken staff must go!

Fame! hold the brilliant meteor high;
 How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions, now's the time to buy!
 How much for fame? How much for fame?
Hear how it thunders!—Would you stand
 On high Olympus far renown'd?—
Now purchase, and a world command!
 And be with a world's curses crown'd!

Sweet star of Hope! with ray to shine
 In every sad foreboding breast,
Save this desponding one of mine,—
 Who bids for man's last friend and best?
Ah! were not mine a bankrupt life,
 This treasure would my soul sustain;
But hope and I are now at strife,
 Nor ever may unite again.

And Song! For sale my tuneless lute;
 Sweet solace, mine no more to hold;
The chords that charmed my soul are mute,
 I cannot wake the notes of old!
Or e'en were mine a wizard shell,
 Could chain a world in rapture high;
Yet now a sad farewell! farewell!
 Must on its last faint echoes die.

Ambition, Fashion, Show, and Pride,—
 I part from all forever now ;
 Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
 Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
 Poor heart ! distracted, ah, so long,—
 And still its aching throb to bear ;—
 How broken, that once was so strong !
 How heavy, once so free from care !

No more for me life's fitful dreams ;—
 Bright vision vanishing away !
 My bark requires a deeper stream ;
 My sinking soul a surer stay.
 By Death, stern sheriff, all bereft !
 I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod ;
 The best of all I still have left,—
 My Faith, my Bible, and my God.

 NOTES FOR STUDY.

BAU'BLE, a worthless showy thing, a toy.	liant for a moment and then dis- appears.
DO MAIN', a large territory of land belonging to an individual or a nation.	OLYM'PUS, a mountain in Greece where the gods were believed to dwell.
PO'TENT, of great power, very powerful.	FORE BO'DING, foretelling, warn- ing.
EN CHANT'ER, a magician, one who bewitches.	WIZ'ARD, an enchanter, a male witch.
FICK'LE, changeful, inconstant.	DIS TRACT'ED, crazed, made fran- tic.
ME'TE OR, something that is bril-	

XXVI.—THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY.

JACOB GRIMM.

A certain man had two sons. The elder passed for a very clever youth; the younger, called Dumling, though the favorite of his mother, was thought to be only half-witted. In fact, his father and elder brother were in the habit of calling him "the fool of the family."

When Dumling had grown to be fifteen years old, his father became tired of supporting the "simpleton;" so he gave the lad twenty German shillings and sent him out into the world to seek his fortune.

With a light heart young Dumling trudged forth, jingling the coins in his pouch, and meditating how he should spend so much money. Before long he met a fisherman carrying a basket on his back. "Ho, master, and what have we here?" said Dumling.

"Nothing that you can buy," said the fisherman gruffly. But when he heard the money clinking he declared that in his basket he had the most wonderful turbot in the world.

"Mr. Fisherman," said Dumling, when he had peeped in at the beautiful fish, "will you sell your fish for twenty shillings?"

"For want of a better price, yes;" replied the fisherman; and the lad eagerly counted out his twenty shillings and took the turbot.

Journeying on, Dumling caught sight of a fine palace, and stopped a countryman to ask who lived there.

“The king,” answered the man, “and a courteous and liberal king he is.”

“Is he, indeed?” thought Dumling; “I will take him my fish, and see what he will give me for it.”

Without delay he made his way to the gate of the palace and knocked. The gate was opened by a fat porter, who asked him what his business was. “My business is with your master,” said Dumling, who knew little of the ways of great men’s houses. “I bring a present for the king.”

“Ah, indeed!” answered the porter, still delaying to open the door. “Don’t you know that it is the custom of this court that I should see a present before it goes to my lord the king?”

So at last Dumling opened his basket. Now, when the porter saw the beautiful fish his eyes glistened, and he declared that by the custom of the court half must be his before the bearer could go farther.

“Pray let me pass,” said Dumling; “and whatever the bounty of the king bestows on me, you shall have half.”

On this promise the porter opened the door and permitted him to enter the hall. But here he was stopped by the chamberlain, who, when he had

looked into the basket, said that half was due to him before the gift could be brought before the king, for such was the custom of the court.

“Fair sir, I quarrel not with your customs,” said Dumling; “and, though I have already promised half my reward to the porter, I will give you the share which is left, if you will only bring me into the king’s presence.”

Then the chamberlain led him in, and the lad laid his present before the king. “By my crown,” said the king, “it is a fair gift. I accept it gladly. And now what reward shall I give you for your trouble? Ask boldly and wisely, and you shall not have to complain.”

The porter and the chamberlain now went up to Dumling, and whispered to him to ask for a bag of gold, or a rich office at court, for their lord would not say him nay.

“I will ask none of these things,” said the youth aloud; and bending before the king he thus spoke up: “Your majesty, I ask no reward but a sound beating.”

Every one was astonished at hearing this strange request, and the king most of all. But when he saw that Dumling would not change his mind, he ordered him to be tied up, and a hundred lashes to be well laid on.

“But hold!” quoth Dumling, as the scourger was

baring his brawny arm; "I have partners in this business. I gave away one half of this my reward to the porter, and the other half I promised to the chamberlain, before they would allow me to bring my gift to the king. It is only right that they should receive what I have promised them."

"And thou shalt keep faith with them as I with thee," vowed the king, when he learned how his servants dealt with strangers.

So the porter and the chamberlain were tied up in Dumling's place, and each received his share of the recompense, fairly counted out; the spectators, who well knew the greed and insolence of these officials, laughed heartily at the justice of the reward.

As for Dumling, the king was so much pleased with the lad's cleverness that he took him into his own service. Thus "the fool of the family" made his fortune: thenceforward no one thought of calling him a simpleton, and all the world spoke nothing but good of him.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

TRUDG'ING, making one's way on foot.	CHAM'BER LAIN, an officer who regulates the order of a king's court.
MED'I TA TING, fixing the mind upon, thinking.	BRAWN'Y, strong, muscular.
TUR'BOT, a large flat fish.	REC'OM PENSE, something repaid or returned.
BOUN'TY, gifts or favors freely given.	SPEC TA'TORS, eye-witnesses, lookers on.
SCOURG'ER, one who lashes or punishes another.	IN'SO LENCE, impudence, defiance.

XXVII.—GOSSIP TOWN.

• Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumor, with rustling gown,
Is going the livelong day ?
It isn't far to Gossip Town
For people who want to go ;
The Idleness train will take you down
In just an hour or so.

The Thoughtless Road is a popular route,
And most folks start that way ;
But it's steep down grade; if you don't look out,
You'll land in Falsehood Bay.
You glide through the valley of Vicious Talk,
And into the Tunnel of Hate ;
Then crossing the Add-To-Bridge, you walk
Right into the city gate.

The principal street is called They-Say,
And I've-Heard is the public well,
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood Bay
Are laden with Don't-you-Tell.
In the midst of the town is Telltale Park ;
You're never quite safe while there,
For its owner is Madam Suspicious Remark,
Who lives on the street Don't Care.

Just back of the Park is Slanderers' Row ;
'Twas there that Good-Name died,
Pierced by a shaft from Jealousy's bow,
In the hands of Envious Pride.
From Gossip Town Peace long since fled,
But Trouble and Grief and Woe,
And Sorrow and Care, you'll meet, instead,
If ever you chance to go.

XXVIII.—THE RAPIDS.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

I remember riding from Buffalo to Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?" "That," he said, "is Niagara River." "Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I, "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the Rapids?" "Only a mile or two," was the reply. "Is it possible that only a mile or two from us we shall find the water in the turmoil which it must show when near the Falls?" "You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and that first sight of the Falls of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now launch your bark on that Niagara River: it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.



Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The *Rapids* are below you." "Ha, ha! we have heard of the Rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Haste away!"

"Young men, ahoy there!" "What is it?" "The *Rapids* are below, the RAPIDS!" "Ha, ha! never fear! Time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing *swiftly* with the current. On! on!"

"Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "Beware! beware! The *Rapids* are below you!" Now you see the water foaming all around. * See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard!—quick, quick!—pull for your lives!—pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcord upon the brow! Set the mast in the socket!—hoist the sail! Ah, ah! it is too late! Shrieking hopelessly, over you go.

Thousands go over the "rapids" every year, heedless of the still, small warning voice.

XXIX.—LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

A little girl, four years old, was walking on the sands of the beach with her nurse. They came to

an inlet, and the nurse decided to row across the inlet to shorten the way home, for the child was tired.

When she reached the opposite side she put the child ashore, sent her home alone, and rowed the borrowed boat back to its owner.

The distance the little girl had to walk was not great; but it was rough and difficult for a tired little girl of four. She struggled bravely on through the coarse grass and hot sand, climbing dunes and plodding through depths.

At last her mother saw her coming and ran to meet her.

"Were you frightened, my dear child?" was the mother's inquiry.

"I felt very lost," was the child's reply; "but I sang 'Lead, Kindly Light' to myself all the way."

Brave, sweet child! she had treasured in her heart one of the sweetest hymns ever written. This hymn was her comfort and her guide. It was written by Cardinal Newman of England, and should be on the lips and in the heart of every child.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet! I do not ask to see
 The distant scene ; one step enough for me.
 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead thou me on !
 I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.
 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

IN'LET, a narrow body of water leading into a larger body of water. DUNES, ridges of loose, drifting sand.	GAR'ISH (<i>gār'ish</i>), dazzling, blind- ing. MOOR, a tract of waste land. FEN, a marsh, bog. CRAG, a rough, steep, broken rock.
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XXX.—THE LONG AGO.

B. F. TAYLOR.

Oh ! a wonderful stream is the River Time,
 As it runs through the realm of tears,
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
 And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
 As it blends in the ocean of years !

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing.
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of this isle is the "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our loved used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the fitful mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
 All the day of our life until night;
 And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closing in slumber the while,
 May the "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

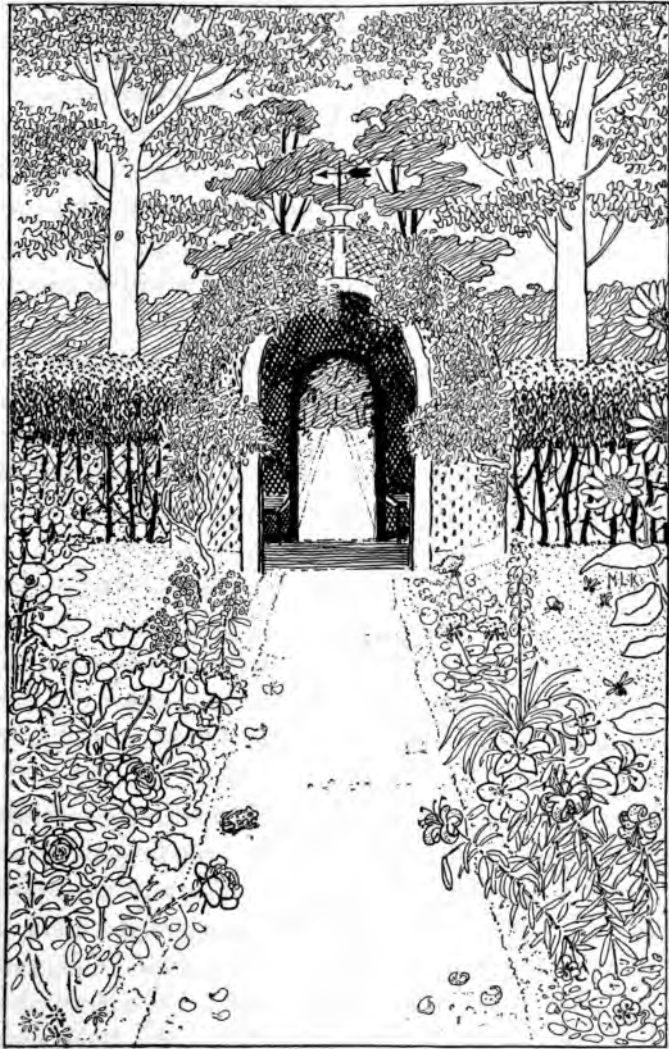
<p>SURGE, a heavy, rolling mass of water, a large wave.</p> <p>SHEEN, brightness, radiance.</p> <p>MAG'IC AL, enchanted.</p> <p>VES'PER, relating to evening, the bell rung for evening worship.</p> <p>TRIN'KETS, small ornaments.</p>	<p>LUTE, an instrument of the guitar class.</p> <p>MI RAGE', a delusion, an appearance, as on a plain, so that the sky looks like a sheet of water.</p> <p>TUR'BU LENT, violent, confused, disturbed.</p>
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XXXI.—THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Blessed be he who really loves flowers!—who loves them for their own sakes,—for their beauty, their associations, the joy they have given, and always will give; so that he would sit down among them as friends and companions, if there were no one else on earth to admire and praise them!

But such persons need no blessing of mine. They are blessed of God! Did he not make the



world for them? Are they not clearly the owners of the world and the richest of all mankind?

He who cannot appreciate floral beauty is to be pitied, like any other man who is born imperfect. It is a misfortune not unlike blindness. But men who contemptuously reject flowers as effeminate and unworthy of manhood reveal a positive coarseness.

Many persons lose all enjoyment of many flowers by indulging false associations. There are some who think that no weed can be of interest as a flower. But all flowers are weeds where they grow wildly and abundantly; and somewhere our rarest flowers are somebody's commonest.

Flowers growing in noisome places, in desolate corners, upon rubbish, or rank desolation, become disagreeable by association. Roadside flowers, ineradicable and hardy beyond all discouragement, lose themselves from our sense of delicacy and protection.

And generally there is a disposition to undervalue common flowers. There are few that will trouble themselves to examine minutely a blossom that they have often seen and neglected; and yet if they would but question such flowers and commune with them, they would often be surprised to find extreme beauty where it had long been overlooked.

If a plant is uncouth, it has no attractions to us simply because it has been brought from the ends of the earth and is a "great rarity." If it has beauty, it is none the less, but more attractive to us because it is common.

A very common flower adds generosity to beauty. It gives joy to the poor, the rude, and to the multitudes that could have no flowers, were Nature to charge a price for her blossoms. Is a cloud less beautiful, or a sea, or a mountain, because often seen, or seen by millions?

The buttercup is a flower of our childhood, and very brilliant in our eyes. Its strong color, seen afar off, often provoked its fate; for through the mowing lot we went after it, regardless of orchard-grass and herd-grass, plucking its long, slender stems, crowned with golden chalices, until the father, covetous of hay, shouted to us, "Out of that grass! Out of that grass, you rogue!"

It is a matter of gratitude that this finest gift of Providence is the most profusely and liberally bestowed. Flowers cannot be monopolized. The poor can have them as well as the rich; and, as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance, and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that all men recognize a brief brotherhood in them.

It is not impertinent to offer flowers to a stranger.

The poorest child can proffer them to the richest. A hundred persons turned into a meadow full of flowers would be drawn together in a transient brotherhood.

It is affecting to see how serviceable flowers often are to the necessities of the poor. If they bring their little floral gift to you, it cannot but touch your heart to think that their grateful affection longed to express itself as much as yours.

You have books, or gems, or services that you can render as you will. The poor can give but little and can do but little. Were it not for flowers, they would be shut out from those exquisite pleasures which spring from such gifts. I never take one from a child, or from the poor, without thanking God, in their behalf, for flowers.

Then, too, if you cannot give a stone to mark the burial-place of your child, a rose may stand there; and from it you may, every spring, pluck a bud for your bosom, as the child was broken off from you.

And though it brings tears for the past, yet you will not see the flowers fade and come again, and fade and come again, year by year, and not learn a lesson of the resurrection, when that which perished here shall revive again, never more to droop or to die!

NOTES FOR STUDY.

AP PRE'CI ATE, to esteem or value properly. NOI'SOME, very offensive, especially to the sense of smell. IN E RAD'I CA BLE, not capable of being destroyed, lasting. COM MUNE', to partake of, to enjoy. UN COUTH', odd, awkward, un- gainly.	CHAL'ICES, cups used in giving the Lord's supper, cup-shaped, as the corolla of some flowers. EF FEM'I NATE, unmanly, weak. MON OP'O LIZED, controlled, pos- sessed exclusively. IM PER'TI NENT, impudent, out of place, unseemly. TRAN'SIENT, brief, fleeting, of short duration.
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XXXII.—LESSON OF THE FERN.

MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

In the valley, centuries ago,
 Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
 Veiling delicate and fibers tender ;
 Waving when the wind crept down so low ;
 Bushes tall and grasses grew around it,
 Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
 Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
 But no foot of man e'er trod that way ;
 Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
 Stately forests waved their giant branches,
 Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
 Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain ;
 Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
 But the little fern was none of these,
 Did not number with the hills and trees,

Only grew and waved its wild sweet way ;
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean.
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood.
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away.
O the long, long centuries since that day !
O the agony, O life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost !

Useless ! Lost ! There came a thoughtful man
Searching nature's secrets far and deep.
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine ;
And the fern's life lay in every line !
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

XXXIII.—APRIL TIME.

April is here !

There's a song in the maple, thrilling and new ;
There's a flash of wings of heaven's own hue ;
There's a veil of green on the nearer hills ;
There's a burst of rapture in woodland rills ;

There are stars in the meadow dropped here and
there ;
There's a breath of arbutus in the air ;
There's a dash of rain, as if flung in jest ;
There's an arch of color spanning the west ;
April is here !

XXXIV.—INFLUENCE OF NATURE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
In Nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
Of all my moral being.

XXXV.—ACCORDANCE OF NATURE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

For Nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
Whether she work in land or sea,
Or hide underground her alchemy.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
 Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
 But it carves the bow of beauty there,
 And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.
 The wood is wiser far than thou;
 The wood and wave each other know.
 Not unrelated, unaffied,
 But to each thought and thing allied,
 Is perfect Nature's every part,
 Rooted in the mighty Heart.

 NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

RUNE, poem, saying, mystery.	to be changed into gold, hence any strange process of change.
AL'CHEMY, a process by which	
common metals were believed	

AL LIED', related.

II.

The four poems here given form a beautiful study of Nature. Note the lesson of the fern, how it passed away and yet was not lost.

How many signs of April are given? Note the "stars in the meadow," the cowslips and buttercups. Add other signs of spring.

Why is Wordsworth "still a lover of the meadows?"

How does Emerson prove the harmony of Nature? What does he give as a reason for this wonderful harmony?

 XXXVI.—SIR ROBIN.

LUCY LARCOM.

Rollicking Robin is here again.
 What does he care for the April rain?
 Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know
 That the April rain carries off the snow,

And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
For his hungry little robins to eat ?
“ Ha, ha, ha !” hear the jolly bird laugh,
“ That isn’t the best of the story, by half !”

Gentleman Robin, he walks up and down,
Dressed in orange-tawny and black and brown.
Though his eye is so proud and his step so firm,
He can always stoop to pick up a worm,
With a twist of his head, and a strut and a hop,
To his Robin-wife, in the peach-tree top,
Chirping her heart out, he calls : “ My dear,
You don’t earn your living ! Come here ! Come
here !

Ha, ha, ha ! Life is lovely and sweet ;
But what would it be if we’d nothing to eat ?”

Robin, Sir Robin, gay, red-vested knight,
Now you have come to us, summer’s in sight.
You never dream of the wonders you bring,—
Visions that follow the flash of your wing.
How all the beautiful By-and-by
Around you and after you seems to fly !
Sing on, or eat on, as pleases your mind !
Well have you earned every morsel you find.
“ Ay ! Ha, ha, ha !” whistles Robin. “ My dear,
Let us all take our own choice of good cheer !”

NOTES FOR STUDY.

ROL' LICK ING, frolicking, careless, joyful. OR' ANGE-TAW' NY, yellow tinged with brown. EAST' ER, a church holy day, the resurrection anniversary of our Lord.	STRUT, a proud, erect step or walk, a pompous gait. KNIGHT (<i>nīt</i>), a man of high rank. A knight is called Sir, as "Sir William," "Sir Robin." VIS' ION, something imagined to be seen, a view.
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XXXVII.—AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Polly hoped the "dreadful boy" would not be present; but he was, and stared at her all dinner-time in a most trying manner. Mr. Shaw, a busy-looking gentleman, said, "How do you do, my dear? Hope you'll enjoy yourself;" and then appeared to forget her entirely. Mrs. Shaw, a pale, nervous woman, greeted her little guest kindly, and took care that she wanted for nothing.

Madam Shaw, a quiet old lady, with an imposing cap, exclaimed, on seeing Polly, "Bless my heart! the image of her mother—a sweet woman—how is she, dear?" and kept peering at the newcomer over her glasses till, between Madam and Tom, poor Polly lost her appetite. Fanny chatted like a magpie, and little Maud fidgeted, till Tom proposed to put her under the big dish-cover, which produced such an explosion that the young lady was borne screaming away by the much-enduring Katy, the nurse.

It was altogether an uncomfortable dinner, and Polly was very glad when it was over. All went about their own affairs; and, after doing the honors of the house, Fan was called to the dressmaker, leaving Polly to amuse herself in the great drawing-room. Polly was glad to be alone for a few minutes; and, having examined all the pretty things about her, began to walk up and down over the soft, flowery carpet, humming to herself, as the daylight faded and only the ruddy glow of the fire filled the room.

Presently Madam came slowly in, and sat down in her arm-chair, saying, "That's a fine old tune; sing it to me, my dear. I haven't heard it this many a day." Polly didn't like to sing before strangers, for she had no teaching but such as her busy mother could give her; but she had been taught the utmost respect for old people, and, having no reason for refusing, she directly went to the piano and did as she was bid.

"That's the sort of music it's a pleasure to hear. Sing some more, dear," said Madam, in her gentle way, when she had done. Pleased with this praise, Polly sang away in a fresh little voice that went straight to the listener's heart and nestled there. The sweet old tunes that one is never tired of were all Polly's store. The more she sang the better she did it; and when she wound up with "A Health

to King Charlie," the room quite rang with the stirring music made by the big piano and the little maid.

"That's a jolly tune! Sing it again, please," cried Tom's voice; and there was Tom's red head bobbing up over the high back of the chair where he had hidden himself. It gave Polly quite a turn, for she thought no one was hearing her but the old lady dozing by the fire. "I can't sing any more; I'm tired," she said, and walked away to Madam in the other room. The red head vanished like a meteor, for Polly's tone had been decidedly cool.

The old lady put out her hand, and, drawing Polly to her knee, looked into her face with such kind eyes that Polly forgot the impressive cap, and smiled at her confidently; for she saw that her simple music had pleased her listener, and she felt glad to know it. "You mustn't mind my staring, dear," said Madam, softly pinching her rosy cheek; "I haven't seen a little girl for so long it does my old eyes good to look at you." Polly thought that a very odd speech, and couldn't help saying, "Aren't Fan and Maud little girls, too?"

"Oh, dear, no! not what I call little girls. Fan has been a young lady this two years, and Maud is a spoiled baby. Your mother's a very sensible woman, my child." "What a queer old lady!" thought Polly; but she said, "Yes'm," re-

spectfully, and looked at the fire. "You don't understand what I mean, do you?" asked Madam, still holding her by the chin. "No'm; not quite."

"Well, dear, I'll tell you. In my day children of fourteen and fifteen didn't dress in the height of the fashion; go to parties as nearly like those of grown people as it's possible to make them; lead idle, giddy, unhealthy lives, and become ladies at twenty. We were little folks till eighteen or so; worked and studied, dressed and played, like children; honored our parents; and our days were much longer in the land than now, it seems to me."

The old lady appeared to forget Polly at the end of her speech; for she sat patting the plump little hand that lay in her own, and looking up at a faded picture of an old gentleman with a ruffled shirt and a queue. "Was he your father, Madam?"—"Yes, my dear; my honored father. I did up his frills to the day of his death; and the first money I ever earned was five dollars which he offered as a prize to whichever of his six girls would lay the hand-somest darn in his silk stockings."

"How proud you must have been!" cried Polly, leaning on the old lady's knee, with an interested face.—"Yes; and we all learned to make bread, and cook, and wore little chintz gowns, and were as gay and hearty as kittens. All lived to be grandmothers; and I'm the last—seventy next birthday,

my dear, and not worn out yet; though daughter Shaw is an invalid at forty."

"That's the way I was brought up, and that's why Fan calls me old-fashioned, I suppose. Tell me more about your papa, please; I like it," said Polly. "Say 'father.' We never called him 'papa'; and if one of my brothers had addressed him as 'governor,' as the boys now do, I really think he'd have cut him off with a shilling."

NOTES FOR STUDY.

STARED, looked steadily.	FIDG'ET, worry, fret.
IM PO'SING, impressive, attracting notice.	QUEUE (<i>kū</i>), a tail-like twist of hair worn at the back of the head.
PEER'ING, . looking closely and curiously.	FRILLS, ruffles, flounces.
MAG'PIE, a crow-like bird with a long, tapering tail.	CHINTZ, cotton cloth, printed in colors and designs.

XXXVIII.—SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

. MARIE LACOSTE.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
 Where the dead and the dying lay,
 Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
 Somebody's darling was borne one day.
 Somebody's darling! So young and so brave,
 Wearing still on his pale, sweet face,
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
 The lingering light of his boyhood's grace!

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow ;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould :
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face
Brush every wandering silken thread ;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace :
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once, for Somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer so soft and low,
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were Somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there :
Was it a mother's, soft and white ?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light ?

God knows best. He was Somebody's love ;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there ;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand ;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay ;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
 Yearning to hold him again to her heart :
 There he lies, with the blue eyes dim
 And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ;
 Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
 "Somebody's darling lies buried here."

 XXXIX.—THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.

MARY HOWITT.

"And where have you been, my Mary,
 And where have you been from me ?"
 "I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
 The midsummer night to see."
 "And what did you see, my Mary,
 All up on the Caldon-Low ?"
 "I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
 And I saw the merry winds blow."
 "And what did you hear, my Mary,
 All up on the Caldon-Hill ?"
 "I heard the drops of the water made,
 And the ears of the green corn fill."
 "Oh, tell me all, my Mary,—
 All, all that ever you know ;
 For you must have seen the fairies
 Last night on the Caldon-Low.

“Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine :
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

“And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small ;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all.”

“And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say ?”

“I’ll tell you all, my mother,
But let me have my way :

“And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill.
‘And this,’ they said, ‘shall speedily turn
The poor old miller’s mill ;

“‘For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May ;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day.

“‘Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise !
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes !’

“And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth
And blew so sharp and shrill.

“‘And there,’ said they, ‘the merry winds go,
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn.

“‘Oh, the poor blind old widow!
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be merry enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong.’

“And some they brought the brown lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low.
‘And this,’ said they, ‘by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow.

“‘Oh, the poor lame weaver!
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!’

“And then upspoke a brownie
With a long beard on his chin,
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another,—
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother.’

“ And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free ;
And then on the top of Caldun-Low
There was no one left but me.

“ And all on the top of the Caldun-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

“ But as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go.

“ And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And sure enough were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

“ And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high ;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye.

“Now, this is all I heard, mother,
 And all that I did see;
 So prithee make my bed, mother,
 For I am tired as I can be.”

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

LOW (*lō*) a round-topped hill.

BLITHE, joyous, gladsome.

DANK, damp and cold, moisture.

MIL'DEW, a disease of corn and
 other plants.

LINT'SEED, flax seed.

CROFT, a small field near a house.

BROWN'IE, a good-natured spirit
 believed in Scotland to haunt
 farmhouses and do useful ser-
 vices at night.

PRITH'EE, I pray thee.

II.

This is an excellent poem to teach the lesson of unseen helpers.

Note the persons helped,—“the poor old miller,” “blind old widow,”
 and “the poor lame weaver.” Why should the fairies select these to
 receive help?

What part did the brownie take in this helping-hand society? Note
 the effect of the laugh. Was it all a dream?

XL.—HOW TO SELECT A BOY.

A gentleman advertised for a boy, and nearly fifty
 applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the
 whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest.

“I should like to know,” said a friend, “on what
 ground you selected that boy, who had not a single
 recommendation?”

“You are mistaken,” said the gentleman; “he has
 a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in
 and closed the door after him, showing that he was

careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly.

“He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor and replaced it on the table, and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and orderly. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed, his hair in order. When he wrote his name I noticed that his finger-nails were clean.

“Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than by all the letters he can bring me.”

XLI.—TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you ? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road ?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care ?

XLII.—THE OLD SCRAP-BOX.

The Pansy.

Mr. Peters, a somewhat eccentric old merchant, stuck up a notice in a window of his store that there was a "boy wanted," and the card remained there a great while before he got the boy he was after. John Simmons and Charley Jones, and one or two besides, were taken for a few days, but none of them stood trial.

Mr. Peters had a peculiar way of trying them. There was a huge long box in the attic, full of old nails and screws, and miscellaneous bits of rusty hardware, and when a new boy came the old gentleman presently found occasion to send him up there to set the box to rights, and he judged the quality of the boy by the way he managed the work. All pottered over it more or less, but soon gave it up in disgust, and reported that there was nothing in the box worth saving.

At last Crawford Mills was hired. He knew none

of the other boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the "long box" until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner-time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called him. "Got through?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much more to do."

"All right; it is dinner-time now; you may go back to it after dinner."

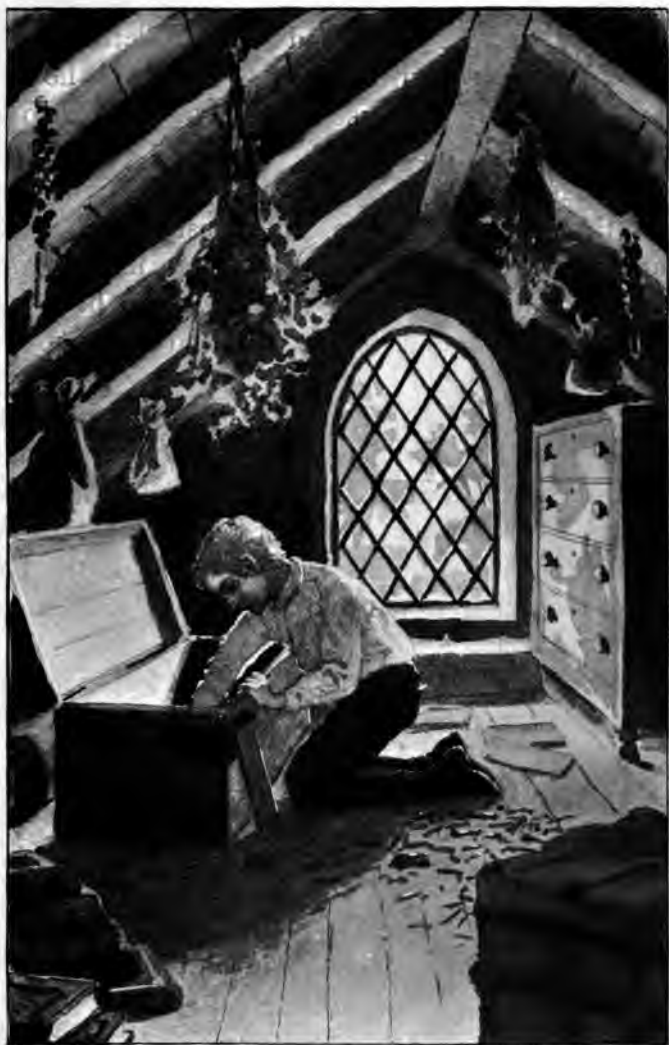
After dinner back he went. All the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir;" he said, "and down at the very bottom of the box I found this." "This" was a five-dollar gold piece, which Crawford handed to Mr. Peters.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters; "it's good you found it. Well, sir; I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning?" This he said putting the gold piece into his pocketbook.

After Crawford had said good-night and gone Mr. Peters took the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long, deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered.

Crawford had evidently been to the bottom of it; he had fitted in pieces of shingle to make compartments, and in the different tills he had placed the articles, with bits of shingle laid on top, labeled thus :



“ Good screws,” “ Pretty good nails,” “ Picture nails,” “ Small keys, somewhat bent,” “ Picture hooks,” “ Pieces of iron, whose use I don’t know ;” and so on through the long box.

In perfect order the box was, at last, and very little that could really be called useful was to be found within it. But Mr. Peters, as he read the labels, laughed and said, “ If we are not both mistaken, I have found a boy, and he has found a fortune.”

Sure enough, the sign disappeared from the window and was seen no more. Crawford became errand-boy to the well-known firm of Peters & Co. He had a little room neatly fitted up next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Peters gave him.

“ It tells your fortune for you ; don’t forget it,” Mr. Peters said when he handed it to Crawford ; and the boy laughed and read it curiously :—

*“ He that is faithful in that which is least,
is faithful also in much.”*

All this happened ten or twelve years ago. Crawford Mills is an errand-boy no more, but the firm is now Peters, Mills, & Co.,—and young Crawford has found his fortune.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

EC CEN'TRIC, odd, queer, singular.	RUB'BISH, waste, trash, worthless things.
AT'TIC, a garret, a half-story next the roof.	TILLS, compartments, drawers, trays in a chest.
MIS CEL LA'NE OUS, made up of several mixed kinds.	LA'BELED, marked with slips of paper or tags.
POT'TERED, trifled, worked lazily.	MOT'TO, maxim, rule of conduct.
COM PART'MENTS, separate parts.	

XLIII.—NOBILITY.

ALICE CARY.

True worth is in being, not seeming,—
 In doing each day that goes by
 Some little good—not in dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by.
 For whatever men say in their blindness,
 And spite of the fancies of youth,
 There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
 And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
 We cannot do wrong and feel right;
 Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
 For justice avenges each slight.
 The air for the wing of the sparrow,
 The bush for the robin and wren;
 But alway the path that is narrow
 And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
 The heart of its ills to beguile,
 Though he who makes courtship to Glory
 Gives all that he hath for her smile.
 For when from her heights he has won her,
 Alas! it is only to prove
 That nothing's so sacred as honor,
 And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
 And sometimes the thing our life misses
 Helps more than the thing which it gets.
 For good lieth not in pursuing,
 Nor gaining of great nor of small,
 But just in the doing; and doing
 As we would be done by is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
 Against the world early and late,
 No jot of our courage abating—
 Our part is to work and to wait.
 And slight is the sting of his trouble
 Whose winnings are less than his worth;
 For he who is honest is noble
 Whatever his fortunes or birth.

 NOTES FOR STUDY.

 METE (*mēt*), allot, measure.

A VEN'GES, punishes for wrongs.

BE GUILF', delude, deceive, cheat.

MAL'ICE, intent to injure, enmity.

XLIV.—PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead ;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth ;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral, and sombre and still.

And lo ! as he looks on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shade in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet ;

That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,

The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows blank and bare
Gaze at him with a spectral glare
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,

And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed,
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door
And a word that shall echo for evermore !
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

RE FLEC'TION, image in water, shadow.	GREN A DIERS', soldiers of unusual height.
BAR'RACK-DOORS, doors of a structure for the lodgment of soldiers.	SEN'TI NEL, a soldier on guard. IM PET'U OUS, restless, impulsive, hasty.
SOM'BRE, dusky, dreary, gloomy.	E MERGE', come into view.

II.

This historic ride occurred in 1775, at the opening of the Revolutionary War. General Gage, commander of the British soldiers in Boston, sent part of his troops to seize some military stores at Concord. The signals were flashed across the Charles River from the Old North Church on Copp's Hill, in Boston. Paul Revere saw the signals from Charlestown, and rode that night to arouse the patriotic Americans.

MYSTIC, a river on the north side of Charlestown.

MEDFORD, LEXINGTON, CONCORD; towns in Middlesex County, Massachusetts.

XLV.—A NOBLE BOY.

Thirty years ago, in the forests of northern Pennsylvania, lived a family of honest, industrious people. The father earned a living by his sawmill. The oldest child, a boy of seventeen, named George, was a great help to his father.

One day the forest fires swept down the mountain side and the mill was soon a mass of charred ruins. George saw at once that there were too many to be fed unless work were obtained.

He decided to leave home, seek employment, and send his savings to his dear mother. She gave him

a pocket-knife, a Bible, and her blessing, and sent him out on an October day to find a place in the busy world.

George was a brave boy. He found it hard to say farewell to his parents and his sisters and brother; but he had decided. Duty called him. His good mother could scarcely keep back the tears as she kissed him and said, "My son, be honest and trust in the Lord."

Two weeks passed by. George could not find work. Late one evening, in a cold rain, he was climbing the Allegheny mountains near Galitzin, on his way to Johnstown. At the latter place he thought he could find employment in the large iron factories. He had slept the night before in a barn. He had eaten nothing all day. He had not one cent in his pocket. In the twilight he saw a boy coming from a miner's cabin.

George spoke to the boy, "Will you please tell me where I can spend the night?"

"There is a farmer just above, who might keep you," said the boy; "but he is not as kind to travelers as he might be."

George thanked the boy, and hurried on to the farmhouse. He knocked at the door and was met by the farmer, to whom he said, "Will you please allow me to sleep in your barn? I am tired and my clothes are wet. Besides, I am a stranger in these parts."

“No;” growled the farmer, “I don’t keep tramps. They carry matches, and may burn my barn.”

“Sir, I never carry matches; I will promise you to be careful, and to leave at daybreak. Please allow me to sleep in the barn,” pleaded George.

But the farmer was hard-hearted, and George plodded on in the rain and in the darkness. At last he came to a place where two roads branched. Which should he take? He paused a moment, and then falling upon his knees, he asked the Lord to guide him. When he arose he took the road to the right, and late that night reached Galitzin.

The poor boy was too tired to think. He walked into the hotel and asked the landlord to give him a bed. This the landlord did, and George slept soundly till morning. Then he wondered how he could pay for his lodging. He went down stairs and said to the landlord, “I was so tired last evening that I did not tell you I had no money for fear you would turn me away. Here is my pocket-knife; please take it and keep it until I send you the money for my lodging. Then send it to me, as it is a present from my mother.”

“But you have had no breakfast,” said the landlord, his heart touched by the young man’s story. “Go into the dining-room, eat all you want, keep your knife, and pay me when you can.”

George was too grateful to speak. He walked into the dining-room and sat down to a warm meal. There were roast potatoes, ham and eggs, hot rolls, and smoking coffee. How he did eat! It seemed that he had never before enjoyed such a feast. Then he thanked the good man who so kindly cared for him, and set out for Ebensburg, on his way to Johnstown.

On the way George sat down to read from his Bible. He was comforted to read—"Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." On the way his shoes, soaked by the mud and rain, showed open seams and loose soles. He feared that he would soon be barefooted. Just then he spied a long wax-end in the road. With this he repaired his shoes and plodded on.

Late in the afternoon he arrived at Ebensburg. He walked into the post-office and said,

"If you will trust me for a postal card, I will pay you for it as soon as I can."

He was given the postal card. He wrote to his mother, telling her he was well, and was pushing along to a place in which he thought he could get work. George noticed a stout man standing by him in the post-office, but did not speak to him.

Penniless and hungry he started for Johnstown. As he passed down the road he noticed the stout man following him. George was too sad to enjoy

company. He walked faster; so did the stout man. Finally George heard a call, "Young man, please wait a bit." George obeyed. The man came up and, in a kind voice, asked where he was going.

"To Johnstown, sir; I believe I am on the right road."

"You are," was the answer, "but where will you spend the night?"

"I hope to find a farmer down the road who will allow me to sleep in his barn."

"My friend, it is miles to the nearest place of shelter. Won't you come back to Ebensburg, spend the night with me, and start afresh in the morning?"

George believed that the Lord had sent this man, who was a Swedish missionary, to care for him. They walked back together. George told his story to the man and went to bed. To his great delight, the next morning the man gave him a ticket to Johnstown, and sent him to friends in the latter place, who helped him to obtain work.

This is a true story. George paid back every cent given him on this journey. A few years ago George went to Ebensburg again. In the hotel one night he told me this story. He is now a talented man, and his goodness is known far and wide.

XLVI.—BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor-lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To the haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

XLVII.—SWEET AND LOW.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea.

Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.
 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon.
 Father will come to his bird in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon.
 Sleep, my little one; sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

XLVIII.—BUGLE-SONG.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory,
 Blow, bugle—blow! set the wild echoes flying!
 Blow, bugle! Answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying.
 O hark! O hear, how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying.
 Blow, bugle! Answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying.



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

O love, they die in yon rich sky!
They faint on hill, or field, or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle—blow! set the wild echoes flying!
And answer, echoes—answer! dying, dying, dying.

XLIX.—HANS, THE CRIPPLE.

M. F. COWDREY.

A soldier's widow lived in a little hut near a mountain village. Her only child was a poor cripple named Hans. Hans was a kind-hearted boy. He loved his mother, and would gladly have helped her to bear her burdens if he had been strong enough to do so. But he could not even join in the rude sports of the young mountaineers. At the age of fifteen he felt keenly the fact that he was useless to his mother and to the world.

It was at this period that Napoleon Bonaparte was making his power felt throughout Europe, and he had sent a large army to gain control of the Tyrol.

The Tyrolese resisted bravely. Men, women, and children of that mountain-land were filled with zeal in defence of their homes. On one occasion ten thousand French and Bavarian troops were destroyed in a single mountain-pass by an immense

mass of rocks and trees prepared and hurled upon them by an unseen foe.

A secret arrangement existed among them, by which the approach of the enemy was to be communicated from village to village by signal-fires from one mountain-height to another, and great heaps of dry wood were piled up ready to give instant alarm.

The village where Hans and his mother lived, was in the direct line of the route the French army would take, and the inhabitants of the neighborhood were full of anxiety and fear. All were preparing for the expected struggle. The widow and her crippled son alone seemed to have no part but to sit still and wait.

"Ah, Hans," she said, one evening, "it is well for us now that you can be of little use; they would else make a soldier of you." This struck a tender chord. The tears rolled down his cheeks. "Mother, I am useless," cried Hans, in bitter grief. "Look round our village—all are busy, all ready to strike for home and fatherland—I am useless."

"My boy, my kind, dear son, you are not useless to me."

"Yes, to you; I cannot work for you, cannot support you in old age. Why was I ever born, mother?"

"Hush, Hans!" said his mother; "such thoughts

are wrong. You will live to find the truth of our old proverb—

‘For every man God has his plan.’”

Little did Hans think that ere a few weeks had passed this truth was to be verified in a remarkable manner. Easter holidays, the festive season of the Tyrolese, came. For a time the people lost their fears of invasion in the sports of the season. All were busy in the merry-making—all but Hans. He stood alone on the porch of his mountain-hut, overlooking the village.

In the evening of Easter, after his usual evening prayer, in which he prayed that the Father of Mercies would, in his good time, afford him some opportunity of being useful to others, he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in the night as if from a dream, under a strong impression that the French army was approaching. He could not shake off this thought; but with the hope of being rid of it, he rose, hastily dressed himself, and strolled up the mountain-path.

The cool air refreshed him, and he continued his walk till he reached the signal-pile. Hans walked round the pile; but where were the watchers? They were nowhere to be seen; perhaps they were making merry with their friends in the village. Near the pile was an old pine-tree, and in its hollow trunk the tinder was laid ready.

Hans paused by the hollow tree, and as he listened a singular sound caught his attention. He heard a slow and stealthy tread, then the click of muskets; and two soldiers crept along the cliff. Seeing no one, for Hans was hidden behind the old tree, they gave the signal to some comrades in the distance.

Hans saw instantly the plot and the danger. The secret of the signal-pile had been revealed to the enemy, a party had been sent forward to destroy it; the army was marching to attack the village. With no thought of his own danger, and perhaps thinking of the proverb his mother had so often repeated to him, he seized the tinder, struck a light, and flung the blazing brand into the pile, over which the mountaineers had poured turpentine in order that it might take fire on the instant when the torch should be applied.

The two soldiers, whose backs were then turned waiting for their comrades, were seized with fear; but they soon saw there were no foes in hiding—none but a single youth running down the mountain-path. They fired and lodged a bullet in the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal-fire was blazing high, and the whole country would soon be roused. It was already aroused from mountain-top to mountain-top, and the plan of the advancing army was defeated. They dared not make the attack when they found the brave Tyrolese ready to meet them.

Hans, fainting and bleeding, made his way to the village. There he found the people gathering in great numbers with arms in their hands, and ready to meet their foes. But they came not, because they knew that the whole country was alarmed. The inquiry was everywhere heard, "Who lighted the pile?" "It was I," said at last a faint, almost expiring voice. Poor crippled Hans tottered among them, saying, "The enemy—the French were there." He faltered and sank upon the ground. "Take me to my mother," said he; "at last I have not been useless."

They stooped to lift him. "What is this?" they cried; "he has been shot. It is true: Hans, the cripple, has saved us." They carried Hans to his mother, and laid him before her. As she bowed in anguish over his pale face Hans opened his eyes and said: "It is not now, dear mother, you should weep for me; I am happy now. Yes, dear mother, it is true—

'For every man God has his plan.'

You see he had it for me, though we did not know what it was."

Hans did not recover from his wound; but he lived long enough to know that he had been of use to his village and the country; he lived to see his mother honored by the grateful people whom her son had saved at the cost of his own life.

Great opportunities like that which came to Hans cannot fall to everybody. To all, however, the Tyrolese motto may speak, and all will find it to be true. None need stand, useless members of God's great family. There is work for every one to do, if he will but look out for it. So long as there is ignorance to instruct, want to relieve, sorrow to soothe, let there be no drones in the hive, no idlers in the great vineyard of the world.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

COM MU'NI CATED, imparted, made known.	VER'I FIED, proved to be true, confirmed.
ANX I'E TY, mental concern, mis-giving.	TIN'DER, charred linen that is easily set on fire.
CHORD (<i>kōrd</i>), a power of feeling, emotion.	TUR'PEN TINE, resin from pine-trees, easily set on fire.
IN VA'SION, marching into a country to destroy it and its people.	DRONES, male bees. They gather no honey, hence idlers.

L.—CONTENTMENT.

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

A crazy door; low moaningly the wind,
 The beat and patter of the driving rain,
 Thin drift of melting snow upon the floor
 Forced through the patch upon the broken pane.

The chair a little four-legged stool, a box
 Spread with a clean white cloth and frugal fare.

This is the home of the widow and her lad,
Two hens and his gray cat and kittens share.

“ Ben, it’s full time thee was in bed,” she says,
Drawing her furrowed hand across his locks ;
“ Thee’s warmed thy toes enough, the fire won’t last.
Pile to the coal—I’ll put away the box.

“ Then say thy prayers—that’s right ; don’t pass ’em
by ;
The time’s ill saved that’s saved from God above ;
And don’t forget thy hymn—thee never has—
And choose a one thy father used to love.

“ Now lay thee down—here, give the straw a toss,
Don’t get beneath the window, mind the snow—
I like that side—I’ll cover thee just now,
The boards are by the fire—they’re warm, I
know.”

No blanket wrapt the little half-naked limbs.
But love that teaches birds to rob their breast
To warm their younglings—love devises means
To shield this youngling from the bitter east.

The warm boards laid about the weary child ;
He turns a smiling face her face towards ;
“ Mother,” he says, sôft pity in his tone,
“ What do the poor boys do that have no boards ? ”

LI.—THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

ANONYMOUS.

“I serve the strongest!” So spake Offerus,
 A mighty giant of the olden time,
 Who, striding forth from out the savage wilds
 Of Scythia, gazed down with scorn upon
 The puny Southrons. Seven full feet in height,
 With bráwny shoulders, limbs of rugged strength,
 His arms with muscles knotted like tough steel,
 In one huge hand he bore a sapling pine.

* * * * *

A hermit came,
 A holy man of God, and full of heavenly love,
 And he expounded to the giant Christian faith.
 Low bowed he to the hermit, filled with awe,
 For he at last had found the perfect strength
 He had so blindly worshiped. “Good, my lord,”—
 He spake right humbly,—“tell me what to do
 To gain this Heaven and find this mighty King
 Who conquered Death and Hell. Him will I serve,
 No other.” “Go, give thyself
 To do with all thy heart some holy work.
 Behold yon river! Go, thou art strong,
 Bear weary pilgrims o’er from bank to bank;
 So shalt thou serve the Master.” At the word
 Up rose good Offerus in his giant strength,
 “Good: that shall be my labor; willingly
 I’ll please the Saviour thus.”

When weary years
Had passed, and on the aged giant's head
Rested but snow-white locks, and few of those,
What time the winter blast drove snow and ice
Before it, and the raging, swollen flood
Roared past his humble dwelling, Offerus
Heard in the night a little, plaintive voice
Call from the other side: "Oh, good, tall Offerus,
Come, carry me across!" So forth he went,
And, without one low murmur, grasping fast
His pine-tree staff, he plunged into the flood.
There, on the other brink, there stood a child,
A sweet, fair boy, with bowing golden curls,
In his left hand the standard of the Lamb,
And in his right a globe. Right easily
The giant placed him on his shoulder; but
Once entered in the river, that fair child
Weighed on him strangely. Fiercer grew the storm,
The ice-cold water chilled him to the heart,
And ever heavier grew the wondrous child.
Great drops of sweat stood on the giant's brow
When on the shore he gently placed the boy.

"Fear not thou, good soul,
Nor marvel at the trembling of thy limbs.
Rather rejoice, for thou hast borne across
The Saviour of the world. Thou art forgiven
For all thy sins, and Offerus no more

Shalt thou be called, but Christopher. Now plant
Close by the stream thy pine-tree staff, so long
Withered and lifeless ; it shall put forth leaves,
And bud and blossom. Such shall be the sign.”
The Christ-child vanished in a beaming light ;
But the old giant, folding each on each
His massive hands, lifted his eyes and prayed :
“ My Master, Christ ! I feel my end draws nigh.
My limbs are weak, my strength is gone, but Thou
Hast washed me clean—my blessed Lord and God !”
So, on the morrow from the pine-tree staff
Burst leaves and flowers and almonds. The third
day,
Around that hut upon the sedgy bank,
Legions of angels stood with folded wings
And holy, loving eyes. With songs of joy
They bore good Christopher away, to meet
His Lord in Paradise.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

OF'FERUS, the giant's name, signifies *the bearer*. CHRIS'TO PHER, *the Christ-bearer*, is the name the giant won for his service to others. The story of Offerus is a long one ; only a part of it is here given. At the first Offerus asked, “ Who is the strongest ? ” The people answered, “ The Emperor.” Offerus served the Emperor until he found that the emperor feared the devil. Then Offerus at once declared he would serve the devil, since he was stronger. But the devil would not pass by a cross in the roadside because he feared “ Christ, the Son of Mary.” Then Offerus left his fearful master, and the poem tells how he at last found the strongest, and who the strongest is.

LII.—THE KEY-FLOWER.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

When I was in Saxony, four or five years ago, I spent several weeks in the mountains.

Behind the town where I lived the forest had been cut away in many places, leaving open tracts where the sweet mountain grass grew thick and strong, and where there were always masses of heather, harebells, fox-gloves, and wild pinks.

Every morning all the cattle of the town were driven up to these pastures, each animal with a bell hanging to its neck; and the sound of so many hundred bells tinkling all at once made a chime which could be heard at a long distance.

One day during my ramble I came upon two smaller herds of cattle, each tended by a single boy. They were near each other; but not on the same pasture, for there was a deep hollow, or dell, between. Nevertheless they could plainly see each other, and even talk, whenever they liked, by shouting a little.

As I came out of a thicket upon the clearing, on one side of the hollow, the herd-boy tending the cattle nearest to me was sitting in the grass, and singing with all his might. His back was toward me, but I noticed that his elbows were moving very rapidly.

Curious to know what he was doing, I slipped

quietly round some bushes to a point where I could see him distinctly, and found that he was knitting a woolen stocking. Presently he lifted his head, looked across to the opposite pasture, and cried out, "Hans! the cows!"

I looked also, and saw another boy of about the same age start up and run after his cattle, the last one of which was entering the forest. Then the boy near me gave a glance at his own cattle, which were quietly grazing on the slope a little below him, and went on with his knitting. As I approached he heard my steps, and turned toward me, a little startled at first; but I soon prevailed upon him to tell me his name and age.

He was called Otto, and was twelve years old; his father was a wood-cutter, and his mother spun and bleached linen.

"And how much," I asked him, "do you get for taking care of the cattle?"

"I am to have five thalers," he answered, "for the whole summer; but it doesn't go to me, it's for father. But then I make a good many groschen by knitting, and that's for my winter clothes. Last year I could buy a coat, and this year I want to get enough for trousers and new shoes. Since the cattle know me so well, I have only to call out, and they mind me; and that, you see, gives me plenty of time to knit."

“I see,” I said, “it’s a very good arrangement. I suppose the cattle over on the other pasture don’t know their boy. He has not got them all out of the woods yet.”

“Yes, they know him,” said Otto, “and that’s the reason they slip away.” Here he commenced knitting again. I watched him awhile, as he rapidly and evenly rattled off the stitches. Then I looked across the hollow where Hans—the other boy—had at last collected his cows.

He was walking backward and forward on the mountain-side with his eyes fixed on the ground. Sometimes, where the top of a rock projected from the soil, he would lean over it, and look along it from one end to the other; then he would walk on, pull a blue flower, and then a yellow one, look at them sharply, and throw them away.

“What is he doing?” I said to myself.

I watched him for nearly half an hour; at the end of which time he seemed to get tired, for he gave up looking about, and sat down on the grass. I walked over to him, and asked, “Have you lost anything, my boy?”

“No;” he said.

“What have you been searching for so long?”

He looked confused, turned away his head, and muttered, “Nothing.” This made me sure he had been looking for something, and I felt a little curi-

osity to know what it was. But although I asked him again, he would tell me nothing, So I left him, and went over to Otto, who was as busy and cheerful as ever.

“Otto,” said I, “do you know what Hans is seeking, all over the pasture? Has he lost anything?”

“No;” Otto answered: “he hasn’t lost anything, and I don’t believe he will find anything, either. Because, even if it’s all true, they say you never come across it when you look for it; but it just shows itself all at once, when you’re not expecting.”

“What is *it*, then?” I asked.

Otto looked at me a moment, and seemed to hesitate. He appeared also to be a little surprised; but he finally asked, “Don’t you know, sir, what the shepherd found, somewhere about here, a great many hundred years ago?”

“No;” I answered.

“Not the key-flower?”

Then I did know what he meant; but I wanted to know what Otto had heard of the story, and therefore said to him, “I wish you would tell me all about it.”

II.

“Well,” he began, “some say it was true, and some that it wasn’t. At any rate, it was a long,

long while ago. My grandmother told me; but then she didn't know the man, she only heard about him from her grandmother. He was a shepherd, and used to tend his sheep on the mountain, in some place where there were a great many kobolds and fairies. And so it went on from year to year.

“He was a poor man, but very cheerful, and always singing and making merry; but sometimes he would wish to have a little more money, so that he need not be obliged to go up to the pastures in the cold, foggy weather.

“It was in summer, and the flowers were all in blossom, and he was walking along after his sheep, when all at once he saw a wonderful sky-blue flower, of a kind he had never seen before in all his life. Some people say it was sky-blue, and some that it was golden-yellow: I don't know which is right. But, however it was, there was the wonderful flower, as large as your hand, growing in the grass.

“The shepherd stooped down and broke the stem; but, just as he was lifting up the flower to examine it, he saw that there was a door in the side of the mountain. Now, he had been over the ground a hundred times before, and had never seen anything of the kind. Yet it was a real door, and it was open.

“He looked into the passage for a long time, and

at last plucked up heart and in he went. After forty or fifty steps he found himself in a large hall, full of chests of gold and diamonds. There was an old kobold, with a white beard, sitting in a chair beside a large table in the middle of the hall. The shepherd was at first frightened; but the kobold looked at him with a friendly face, and said, 'Take what you want, and don't forget the best.'

"So the shepherd laid the flower on the table, and went to work and filled his pockets with the gold and diamonds. When he had as much as he could carry, the kobold said again, '*Don't forget the best!*' So the shepherd took more gold, and the biggest diamonds he could find, and filled his hat till he could scarcely stagger under the load.

"He was leaving the hall, when the old kobold cried out, '*Don't forget the best!*' But he couldn't carry any more, and went on, never minding. When he reached the door in the mountain-side he heard the voice again, for the last time, '*Don't forget the best!*' The next minute he was out on the pasture.

"When he looked around the door had vanished: his pockets and hat grew light all at once, and instead of gold and diamonds he found nothing but dry leaves and pebbles. He was as poor as ever, and all because he had forgotten the best. Now, sir, do you know what the best was? Why, it was

the flower, which he had left on the table in the kobold's hall. That was the key-flower.

“When you find it and pull it the door is opened to all the treasures under ground. If the shepherd had kept it, the gold and diamonds would have stayed so; and, besides, the door would have been always open to him, and he could then help himself whenever he pleased.”

III.

Otto had told the story very correctly, just as I had heard it told by some of the people before. “Did you ever look for the key-flower?” I asked him.

He grew a little red in the face, then laughed, and answered, “O, that was the first summer I tended the cattle, and I soon got tired of it. But I guess the flower doesn't grow any more now.”

“How long has Hans been looking for it?” “He looks every day,” said Otto. “I shouldn't wonder if he was thinking about it all the time, or he'd look after his cattle better than he does.”

As I walked down the mountain that afternoon, I thought a great deal about these two herd-boys and the story of the key-flower. Up to this time the story had only seemed to me to be a curious and beautiful fairy-tale, but now I began to think it might mean something more.

Here was Hans, neglecting his cows, and making himself restless and unhappy in the hope of some day finding the key-flower; while Otto, who remembered that it can't be found by searching for it, was attentive to his task, always earning a little, and always contented.

So, the next time that I walked up to the pastures, I went straight to Hans. "Have you found the key-flower yet?" I asked. There was a curious expression upon his face. He appeared to be partly ashamed of what he must have suspected to be a folly, and partly anxious to know if I could tell him where the flower grew.

"See here, Hans," said I, seating myself on a rock, "don't you know that those who look for it never find it? Of course you have not found it; and you never will, in this way. But, even if you should, you are so anxious for the gold and the diamonds that you would be sure to forget the best, just as the shepherd did, and would find nothing but leaves and pebbles in your pockets."

"O no!" he exclaimed, "that's what I wouldn't do."

"Why, don't you forget your work every day?" I asked. "You are forgetting the best all the time. Now, I believe there is a key-flower growing on these very mountains; and, what is more, Otto has found it!" He looked at me in astonishment.

"Don't you see," I continued, "how happy and

contented he is all the day long? He doesn't work as hard at his knitting as you do in searching for the flower; and although you get half your summer's wages, and he gets nothing, he will be richer than you in the fall. He will have a small piece of gold, and it won't change to a leaf. Besides, when a boy is contented and happy, he has gold and diamonds. Don't you believe that?"

I saw that Hans was not a bad boy: he was only restless, impatient, and perhaps a little inclined to envy those in better circumstances. I knew it would be difficult for him to change his habits of thinking and wishing. But, after a long talk, he promised me he would try; and that was as much as I expected.

Now, you may want to know whether he did try; and I am sorry I can not tell you. I left the place soon afterward, and have never been there since. Let us all hope, however, that Hans found the real key-flower.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

GRAZ'ING, feeding, nibbling.		KO'BOLD (<i>kö'böld</i>), a kind of sprite
BLEACHED (<i>blēch'd</i>), made white.		or fairy once thought to be
THA'LER (<i>tä'ler</i>), a German dol-		found in caves.
lar, worth about seventy-one		NEG LECT'ING, slighting, not car-
cents.		ing for.
GROSCH'EN, German coins worth		AT TEN'TIVE, caring for, mindful.
about two cents each.	CIR'CUM STAN CES, situation or	
HES'I TATE, to act slowly, to falter.	position, condition of fortune.	

II.

This story affords an excellent moral—What is the real key-flower? Which boy really found it? What has the kobold to do with finding one's fortune? Which is better, luck or labor? Study the two boys. The story is a Saxon myth. Saxony is part of Germany.

LIII.—THE BOY.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness,
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track
And felt its very gladness.

And yet it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most.
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music trill,
And I in sadness hear it all;
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now.

But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops, as if he music heard,
And, heedless of his shouted name
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air,
As if some dream were passing there:
'Tis then that on his face I look—
His beautiful but thoughtful face—
And, like a long-forgotten book,
Its sweet familiar meanings trace,—

Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings,
Which time has fettered now—
Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still,
And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thoughts upon a child
Will, like a presence, sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor straining high—

How in his heart will spring
A feeling whose mysterious thrall
Is stronger, sweeter far than all!
And on its silent wing,
How, with the clouds, he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they!

LIV.—CHICKENS.

MARY ABIGAIL DODGE.

A chicken is beautiful and round and full of cunning ways, but he has no resources for an emergency. He will lose his reckoning and be quite out at sea, though only ten steps from home. He never knows enough to turn a corner. All his intelligence is like light, moving only in straight lines. He is impetuous and timid, and has not the smallest presence of mind or sagacity to discern between friend and foe. He has no confidence in any earthly power that does not reside in an old hen. Her cluck will he follow to the last ditch, and to nothing else will he give heed.

I am afraid that the Interpreter was putting almost too fine a point upon it, when he led Christiana and her children "into another room, where was a hen and chickens, and bid them to observe awhile. So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lifted up her head and her

eyes toward heaven. 'See,' said he, 'what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up.'"

Doubtless the chick lifts her eyes toward heaven, but a close acquaintance with the race would put anything but acknowledgment in the act. A gratitude that thanks heaven for favors received, and then runs into a hole to prevent any other person from sharing the benefit of those favors, is a very questionable kind of gratitude, and certainly should be confined to the bipeds that wear feathers.

Yet if you take away selfishness from a chicken's moral make-up, and fatuity from his intellectual, you have a very charming little creature left. For, apart from their excessive greed, chickens seem to be affectionate. They have sweet, social ways.

They huddle together with fond, caressing chatter, and chirp soft lullabies. Their toilet performances are full of interest. They trim each other's bills with great thoroughness and dexterity, much better, indeed, than they dress their own heads, for their bungling, awkward little claws make sad work of it.

It is as much as they can do to stand on two feet, and they naturally make several revolutions when they attempt to stand on one. Nothing can be more ludicrous than their early efforts to walk. They do

not really walk. They sight their object, waver, balance, decide, and then tumble forward, stopping all in a heap as soon as the original impetus is lost—generally some way ahead of the place to which they wished to go.

It is delightful to watch them as drowsiness films their round, bright, black eyes, and the dear old mother croons them under her ample wings, and they nestle in perfect harmony. How they manage to bestow themselves with such limited accommodations, or how they manage to breathe in a room so close, it is difficult to imagine. They certainly deal a staggering blow to our preconceived notions of the necessity of oxygen and ventilation, but they make it easy to see whence the Germans derived their fashion of sleeping under feather beds. But breathe and bestow themselves they do. The deep mother heart and the broad mother wings take them all in.

They penetrate her feathers, and open for themselves unseen little doors into the mysterious, brooding, beckoning darkness. But it is long before they can arrange themselves satisfactorily. They chirp, and stir, and snuggle, trying to find the softest and warmest nook. Now an uneasy head is thrust out, and now a whole tiny body; but it soon re-enters in another quarter, and at length the stir and chirr grow still. You see only a collection of little legs,

as if the hen were a banyan tree, and presently even they disappear. She settles down comfortably, and all are wrapped in a slumberous silence.

And as I sit by the hour, watching their winning ways, and see all the steps of this sleepy subsidence, I can but remember that outburst of love and sorrow from the lips of Him who, though He came to earth from a dwelling place of ineffable glory, called nothing unclean because it was common, found no homely detail too homely or too trivial to illustrate the Father's love; but from the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, the lilies of the field, the stones in the street, the foxes in their holes, the patch on the coat, the oxen in the furrow, the sheep in the pit, the camel under his burden, drew lessons of divine pity and patience, of heavenly duty and delight.

Standing in the presence of the great congregation, seeing, as never man saw, the hypocrisy and the iniquity gathered before Him—seeing too, alas! the calamities and woe that awaited this doomed people, a godlike pity overbears His righteous indignation, and cries out in passionate appeal, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.”

NOTES FOR STUDY.

RE SOURCES', ability to make the most of any event.	DEX TER'I TY, skill, expertness.
E MER'GEN CY, a sudden condition demanding prompt action.	IM'PE TUS, the energy with which anything moves, any impulse.
BECK'ON ING, counting, finding one's location.	CROONS, sings or hums softly.
SA GAC'I TY, shrewdness, power to decide upon the best course.	PRE CON CEIVED', formed or planned beforehand.
BI'PEDS, two-footed animals.	OX'Y GEN, a life-giving gas.
FA TU'I TY, foolishness combined with conceit, silliness.	PEN'E TRATE, to go through.
EX CESS'IVE, extreme, beyond reason.	SNUG'GLE, nestle, cuddle, huddle.
	IN EF'FA BLE, unspeakable, that which cannot be told in words.
	HY POC'RISY, the pretence of being what one is not, deceit.

LV.—WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

AGNES E. MITCHELL.

With kingle, klangle, klingle,
 Far down the dusky dingle,
 The cows are coming home.
 Now sweet and clear, now sweet and low,
 The airy tinklings come and go,
 Like chimings from a far-off tower,
 Or patterings of an April shower
 That make the daisies grow.
 Ko-ling, ko-lang, ko-linge, lingle,
 Far down the darkening dingle,
 The cows come slowly home.
 And old-time friends and twilight plays,
 And starry nights and sunny days,
 Come trooping up the misty ways,
 When the cows come home.



With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
 The cows are coming home.
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
De Kamp, Red Rose, and Gretchen Schell,
 Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangle Sue,
 Across the fields I hear her loo-oo
And clang her silver bell.
Go-ling, go-lang, go-linge, lingle,
With faint far sounds that mingle,
 The cows come slowly home.
And mother songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,
 When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By two's and three's and single,
 The cows are coming home.
Thro' violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-sliding down,
 And the maple in the hazel glade
 Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown.
To-ring, to-rang, to-ringle, ringle,
By three's and four's and single,
 The cows come slowly home.

The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June days' rest and calm,
The same sweet smell of bud and balm,
 When the cows come home.

With tingle, tangle, tingle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
 The cows are coming home.
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun's rays glance and gleam,
 Clarine, Peach-bloom, and Phoebe Phyllis,
 Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies

In a drowsy dream.

To-link, to-lank, to-linge, lingle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
 The cows come slowly home.
And up thro' memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
 When the cows come home.

With klinge, klangle, klinge,
With loo-oo, moo-oo, and jingle,
 The cows are coming home.
And over there on Merlin hill
Sounds the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,
 And the dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
 And o'er the poplars Venus shines,

And over the silent mill.
 Ko-ling, ko-lang, ko-linge, lingle,
 With a ting-a-ling and jingle,
 The cows come slowly home.
 Let down the bars, let in the train
 Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain,
 For dear old times come back again
 When the cows come home.

 NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

DIN'GLE, a shady glen.

CHIM'INGS, musical ringing of bells.

GLADE, an open space in a wood.

PER'I WIN KLE, a small plant commonly called myrtle.

LOI'TER ING, lingering idly along the way.

RA VINE' (*rā vēn'*), a deep gorge or hollow.

PLAIN'TIVE, mournful, lamenting, sad.

II.

Endeavor to catch the music of the bells from the words in each stanza that express the sounds. The names of the cows and the words that imitate the sounds of the bells should be thoroughly studied in order to catch the beauty of the lines.

Venus is the evening star. "The crescent of the silver queen" is the new moon.

 LVI.—DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead.

His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city: and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out. But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room he pictured to himself—pictured! he saw—the high church tower rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled, and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, “I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!”

By little and little he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and re-passing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again of that rushing river. “Why, will it never stop, Floy?” he would sometimes ask her. “It is bearing me away, I think!”

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

“You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you, now!”

Thus, the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble down-stairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centered in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say, long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it. He liked him for it. He was not afraid.

The people round him changed unaccountably, except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been Sir Parker Peps was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. Pipchin, dozing in an easy-chair, often changed to Miss Tox, or his aunt; and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion. But this figure with its head upon its hand returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly if it were real; and in the night-time saw it sitting there with fear.

“Floy!” he said. “What is that?”

“Where, dearest?”

“There! at the bottom of the bed.”

“There’s nothing there, except papa!”

The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said: “My own boy! Don’t you know me?”

Paul looked it in the face, and thought, was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it toward him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it.

“Don’t be so sorry for me, dear papa! Indeed, I am quite happy!”

His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him around the neck, and repeated those words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, “Don’t be so sorry for me! Indeed, I am quite happy!” This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that

he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, how many nights the dark, dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him, Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful, every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy.

One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room down-stairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying—for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

“Floy, did I ever see mamma?”

“No, darling: why?”

“Did I never see any kind face, like mamma’s, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?” He asked incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

“Oh, yes, dear!”

“Whose, Floy?”

“Your old nurse’s. Often.”

“And where is my old nurse?” said Paul. “Is she dead too? Floy, are we all dead except you?”

There was a hurry in the room for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much.

“Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!”

“She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow.”

“Thank you, Floy!”

Paul closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air and waving to and fro: then he said, “Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?”

Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him, when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke, mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray

mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

“And who is this? Is this my old nurse?” said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor, blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

“Floy! this is a kind, good face!” said Paul. “I am glad to see it again. Don’t go away, old nurse! Stay here!”

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

“Who was that who said ‘Walter’?” he asked, looking round. “Some one said ‘Walter.’ Is he here? I should like to see him very much.”

Nobody replied directly; but his father soon said to Susan, “Call him back, then: let him come up!” After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy,

Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him he stretched out his hand, and said, "Good-by!"

"Good-by, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-by?"

For an instant Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, yes," he said placidly, "good-by! Walter, dear, good-by!"—turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is papa?"

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek before the words had parted from his lips.

"Remember Walter, dear papa," he whispered, looking in his face. "Remember Walter. I was fond of Walter." The feeble hand waved in the air as if it cried "Good-by!" to Walter once again.

"Now lay me down," he said, "and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!"

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so."

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green

the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

“Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!”

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

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Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

LVIII.—VIRTUE.

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Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

LIX.—IN TIME'S SWING.

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Father Time, your footsteps go
Lightly as the falling snow.
In your swing I'm sitting, see!
Push me softly ; one, two, three,
Twelve times only. Like a sheet
Spreads the snow beneath my feet :
Singing merrily, let me swing
Out of winter into spring !

Swing me out, and swing me in !
Trees are bare, but birds begin

Twittering to the peeping leaves
On the bough beneath the eaves.
Look! One lilac-bud I saw!
Icy hillsides feel the thaw;
April chased off March to-day;
Now I catch a glimpse of May.

Oh, the smell of sprouting grass!
In a blur the violets pass;
Whispering from the wild-wood come
Mayflowers' breath and insects' hum;
Roses carpeting the ground;
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Slower now, for at my side
White pond-lilies open wide;
Underneath the pine's tall spire
Cardinal-blossoms burn like fire;
They are gone; the golden-rod
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who secretly favored Bruce. The Scots of old were famous for cunning; and so, when one day the English governor of the fort commanded this Binnock to furnish a large quantity of hay, the farmer laid a plan for making him pay more than the market-price for that article.

The night before the hay was to be delivered, he concealed a large band of liberty-loving Scots near the gate of the fort, and charged them to be perfectly still until they should hear his signal-cry, which was to be, "Call all! Call all!" Then he placed in the hay-cart several strong, brave men, a half a dozen of whom were his own sons—all well armed, and lying on their breasts, and these he covered completely with hay.

The driver was a faithful, stout-hearted fellow who carried in his hand a small axe or hatchet. Binnock himself walked behind the cart, humming a merry tune.

The warders, seeing only the farmers with the load of hay, which they were expecting, opened the gates, and raised the portcullis, to let them into the court-yard. But as soon as they got well under the gateway, Binnock gave a sign to the driver, who instantly cut the oxen free from the cart, and started them onward, which, of course, left the cart standing right under the arch of the gateway.

At this instant, Binnock shouted out his signal,

“Call all! Call all!” and, drawing a sword which until then he had kept hidden under his farmer’s frock, he laid about him famously.

The armed men leaped up from under the hay and rushed upon the English guard, who tried in vain to close the gates or drop the portcullis with that cumbersome ox-cart in the way. Then the men in ambush outside came pouring in, and the castle was soon taken, and all the English garrison killed or taken prisoners.

Robert Bruce, when he became king, rewarded Binnock by the gift of a fine estate, which his family long enjoyed.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

STATE’LI NESS, dignity of manner or appearance. CON CEAL’ED’, hidden, kept out of sight, WARD’ERS, keepers, guards, senti- nels. PORT CUL’LIS, a grating of strong	bars that rises to allow entrance to a castle, and falls to prevent enemies from entering. CUM’BER SOME, moved with diffi- culty, awkward, heavy. LIN LITH’GOW is on the Firth of Forth, west of Edinburgh.
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LXI.—THE PEN AND THE INKSTAND.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

In the room of a poet, where his inkstand stood upon the table, it was said, “It is wonderful what can come out of an inkstand. What will the next thing be? It is wonderful!”

“Yes, certainly,” said the Inkstand. “It’s extra-

ordinary—that's what I always say," he exclaimed to the pen and to the other articles on the table that were near enough to hear. "It is wonderful what a number of things can come out of me. It's quite incredible. And I really don't myself know what will be the next thing, when that man begins to dip into me. One drop out of me is enough for half a page of paper; and what cannot be contained in half a page?"

"From me all the works of the poet go forth—all these living men, whom people can imagine they have met—all the deep feeling, the humor, the vivid pictures of nature. I myself don't understand how it is, for I am not acquainted with nature, but it certainly is in me. From me all things have gone forth, and from me proceed the troops of charming maidens, and of brave knights on prancing steeds, and all the lame and the blind, and I don't know what more—I assure you I don't think of anything."

"There you are right," said the Pen; "you don't think at all; for if you did, you would comprehend that you only furnish the fluid. You give the fluid, that I may exhibit upon the paper what dwells in me, and what I would bring to the day. It is the pen that writes. No man doubts that; and, indeed, most people have about as much insight into poetry as an old inkstand."

“You have but little experience,” replied the Inkstand. “You’ve hardly been in service a week, and are already half worn out. Do you fancy you are the poet? You are only a servant; and before you came I had many of your sorts, some of the goose family, and others of English manufacture. I know the quill as well as the steel pen. Many have been in my service, and I shall have many more when *he* comes—the man who goes through the motions for me, and writes down what he derives from me. I should like to know what will be the next thing he’ll take out of me.”

“Inkpot!” exclaimed the Pen.

Late in the evening the poet came home. He had been to a concert, where he had heard a famous violinist, with whose admirable performances he was quite enchanted. The player had drawn a wonderful wealth of tone from the instrument: sometimes it had sounded like tinkling water-drops, like rolling pearls, sometimes like birds twittering in chorus, and then again it went swelling on like the wind through the fir-trees.

The poet thought he heard his own heart weeping, but weeping melodiously, like the sound of woman’s voice. It seemed as though not only the strings sounded, but every part of the instrument.

It was a wonderful performance; and difficult as the piece was, the bow seemed to glide easily to and

fro over the strings, and it looked as though every one might do it. The violin seemed to sound of itself, and the bow to move of itself—those two appeared to do every thing; and the audience forgot the master who guided them and breathed soul and spirit into them. The master was forgotten; but the poet remembered him, and named him, and wrote down his thoughts concerning the subject:

“How foolish it would be of the violin and the bow to boast of their achievements. And yet we men often commit this folly—the poet, the artist, the laborer in the domain of science, the general—we all do it. We are only the instruments which the Almighty uses: to Him alone be the honor! We have nothing of which we should be proud.”

Yes, that is what the poet wrote down. He wrote it in the form of a parable, which he called “The Master and the Instrument.”

“That is what you get, madam,” said the Pen to the Inkstand, when the two were alone again. “Did you not hear him read aloud what I have written down?”

“Yes, what I gave you to write,” retorted the Inkstand. “That was a cut at you, because of your conceit. That you should not even have understood that you were being quizzed! I gave you a cut from within me—surely I must know my own satire!”

“Ink-pipkin!” cried the Pen.

“Writing-stick!” cried the Inkstand.

And each of them felt a conviction that he had answered well; and it is a pleasing conviction to feel that one has given a good answer—a conviction on which one can sleep; and accordingly they slept upon it. But the poet did not sleep. Thoughts welled up from within him, like the tones from the violin, falling like pearls, rushing like the storm-wind through the forests. He understood his own heart in these thoughts, and caught a ray from the Eternal Master.

To *Him* be all the honor!

NOTES FOR STUDY.

EX TRAOR'DI NA RY, remarkable, beyond the common order of events.	VIV'ID, bright, intense.
IN CRED'I BLE, not believed, un- reasonable.	EX HIB'IT, to set forth, to display, to show.
COM PRE HEND', to know, to un- derstand.	A CHIEVE'MENT, something well done.
	PIP'KIN, a small earthenware jar.
	CON VIC'TION, a firm belief.

LXII.—LITTLE WHITE LILY.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.

Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed ;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, " It is good ;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily,
Drest like a bride !
Shining with whiteness,
And crown'd beside !

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup ;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, " Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have nice rain !
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool ;

Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet:
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!

LXIII.—THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

EMILY H. MILLER.

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging;
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out of his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!

“ Little white snow-drop, I pray you arise ;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes ;
Daffodils ! daffodils ! say, do you hear ?—
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here !”

LXIV.—THE RAINBOW.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky ;
So was it when my life began ;
So it is now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

LXV.—THE NOBLE NATURE.

BEN JONSON.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be ;
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere ;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauty see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

LXVI.—THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

NEW YORK OBSERVER.

“I thought, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one. The dear boy slept only a minute—just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he fell asleep only one little second—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said—only twenty-four hours! Where is Bennie now?”

“We will hope with his heavenly Father,” said Mr. Allan, soothingly. “Yes, yes, let us hope; God is very merciful!” “I should be ashamed, father!” Bennie said, ‘when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm’—and he held it out so proudly before me—‘for my country when it needed it! Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow!’ ‘Go, then—go, my boy,’ I said, ‘and God keep you!’ God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan!” and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them. “Like the apple of His eye, Mr. Owen; doubt it not.”

Blossom sat near them, listening with blanched

cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter.

"It is from him," was all she said. It was like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan with the helplessness of a child. The minister opened it and read as follows :

*"Dear Father :—*When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me ; but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the field of battle for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously ; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty ! Oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me ! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

"You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he

was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late.”

“God be thanked!” interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. “I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post.”

“They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve—given to me by circumstances—‘time to write to you,’ our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

“I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them that I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now.

God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-bye, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry for His poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him and my Saviour in a better—better life.”

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart. “Amen!” he said, solemnly; “Amen!”

“To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop, waiting for me: but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie.”

Late that night the door of the “back stoop” opened softly, and a little figure glided out, and down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left, looking only now and then to heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer.

Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him

all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her: no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had just seated himself to his morning's task of looking over and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him. "Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?" "Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom. "Bennie! Who is Bennie?" "My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the paper before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special

danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely; "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand;" and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offence.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States too! A dim thought of this kind passed through Blossom's mind, but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read. He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell. Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl and said, "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back; or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will

need a change after he has so bravely faced death ; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the prayer?

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder." Mr. Lincoln then said, "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and, as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say, fervently, "The Lord be praised!"

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

PAL'SY, to strike with palsy, to render useless.	RE PRIEVE' (<i>rĕ prĕv'</i>), to suspend punishment.
ME CHAN'IC AL LY, done by mere force of habit.	CUL'PA BLE, deserving of blame or censure.
LUG'GAGE, anything heavy to carry, baggage.	JUS TI FI CA'TION, the act of defending, making just and right.

II.

This is an incident of the Civil War. Note the character of each person named in the selection. What do you think of Bennie? Of Blossom? Of President Lincoln's act? A "strap fastened upon the shoulder" means that the President made Bennie an officer. Did he deserve the honor? Describe in your own way the return home.

LXVII.—THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory;
Those, in the gloom of defeat;
All, with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.



So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day :
'Broidered with gold, the Blue ;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day :
Wet with the rain, the Blue ;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done ;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red ;

They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead,—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day:
 Love and tears, for the Blue;
 Tears and love, for the Gray.

 NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

ROB'INGS, garments, dress, adorn- ments.	SPLÉN'DOR, greatness of action, pre-eminence.
GOR'Y, covered or stained with blood.	IM PAR'TIAL LY, fairly, equally.
DES'Ó LATE, sorrowful, afflicted.	UP BRAID'ING, reproaching as de- serving blame, accusing.

II.

This poem was written as a result of the action of the women of Columbus, Mississippi, who on Decoration Day strewed flowers upon the graves of both the Northern and the Southern soldiers.

“The Blue” means the Union soldiers, who wore blue uniforms. “The Gray” means the soldiers of the South, whose uniforms were gray. “Laurel” is a symbol of victory. “Willow” is a symbol of sorrow. “These” in the second stanza means “the Blue,” and “Those” means “the Gray.” The lesson of the Spanish-American war can be vividly enforced from this poem.

 LXVIII.—BEE LIFE.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

The honey-bee goes forth in spring like the dove
 from Noah's Ark, and it is not till after many days

that she brings back the olive leaf, which in this case is a pellet of golden pollen upon each hip, usually obtained from the alder or swamp willow.

But bees appear to be more eager for bread in the spring than for honey; their supply of that article, perhaps, does not keep as well as their stores of the latter; hence fresh bread in the shape of new pollen is diligently sought for.

My bees get their first supplies from the catkins of the willows. If but one catkin appears open anywhere within range a bee is on hand that very hour to rifle it, and it is a most pleasing experience to stand near the hive some mild April day and see them come pouring in with their little baskets packed with this fruitage of the spring. They will have new bread now; they have been to mill in good earnest; see their dusty coats and the golden grist they bring home with them.

The first honey is perhaps obtained from the flowers of the red maple and the golden willow. The latter sends forth a mild, delicious perfume. The sugar maple blooms a little later, and from its silken tassels a rich nectar is gathered. The apple-blossom is very important to the bees. A single swarm has been known to gather twenty pounds in weight during its continuance. Bees love the ripened fruit too, and in August and September will suck themselves tipsy.

It is the making of wax that costs with the bee. As with the poet, the form, the receptacle, gives him more trouble than the sweet that fills it. Though, to be sure, there is always more or less of empty comb in both cases. The honey he can have for the gathering, but the wax he must make himself, must evolve from his inner consciousness. When wax is to be made the wax-makers fill themselves with honey and retire into their chamber for private meditation: they take hold of hands, or hook themselves together in long lines that hang from the top of the hive, and wait for the miracle to transpire.

After about twenty-four hours their patience is rewarded, the honey is turned into wax, minute scales of which are secreted from between the rings of the abdomen of each bee; this is taken off and from it the comb is built up. It is calculated that about twenty-five pounds of honey are used in elaborating one pound of comb, to say nothing of the time that is lost. But honey without the comb is like perfume without the rose, it is sweet merely, and soon degenerates into candy.

The drones have the least enviable time of it. They look like giants, the lords of the swarm, but they are really the tools. Their loud, threatening hum has no sting to back it, and their size and noise make them only the more conspicuous marks for the birds. Even under best conditions the drones seldom

die a natural death, but are massacred in a body by the workers.

It is a singular fact also that the queen is made, not born. All the bees in the hive have a common parentage. The queen and the worker are the same in the egg and in the chick; the notion has very generally prevailed that the queen of the bees is an absolute ruler, and issues her orders to willing subjects. But the fact is, a swarm of bees is an absolute democracy. The power and authority are entirely vested in the great mass, or workers. Their word is law, and both king and queen must obey.

The peculiar office and sacredness of the queen consist in the fact that she is the mother of the swarm, and the bees love and cherish her as a mother and not as a sovereign. The common bees will never use their sting upon the queen; if she is to be disposed of, they starve her; and the queen herself will sting nothing but royalty—nothing but a royal queen. It is undoubtedly complimenting her to call her a queen, yet she is a superb creature, and looks every inch a queen. It is an event to distinguish her amid the mass of bees when the swarm lights; it awakens a thrill.

Before you have seen a queen you wonder if this or that bee, which seems a little larger than its fellows, is not she; but when you once really set eyes upon her you do not doubt for a moment. That

long, elegant, shining feminine-looking creature can be none less than royalty. How beautifully her body tapers, how distinguished she looks, how deliberate her movements!

I always feel I have missed some good fortune if I am away from home when my bees swarm. What a delightful summer sound it is; how they come pouring out of the hive, twenty or thirty thousand bees, each striving to get out first; it is as when the dam gives way and lets the waters loose; it is a flood of bees which breaks upward into the air and becomes a maze of whirling black lines to the eye and a soft chorus of myriad musical sounds to the ear.

This way and that they drift, now contracting, now expanding, rising, sinking, growing thick about some branch or bush, then dispersing and massing at some other point, till finally they begin to alight in earnest, when in a few moments the whole swarm is collected upon a branch, forming a bunch as large, perhaps, as a two gallon measure. Here they will hang from one to three or four hours, or until a suitable hiving place is found or offered.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

POL'LEN, the dust-like grains or powder found in a flower. It is the fertilizing element of the plant, and the food of bees.	CAT'KIN, a spike of flowers like those of the willow. NEC'TAR, the honey of plants. CON TIN'U ANCE, time of duration.
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E VOLVE', to unfold, to work out.	SE CRE'TED, concealed, hid, separated.
RE CEP'TA CLE, anything that is used to hold or contain other things, the base of a flower.	CON SPIC'U OUS, clearly visible, distinct.
MED-I-TA'TION, fixing the mind upon, thinking seriously.	SU PERB', stately, grandly beautiful.

LXIX.—WAITING FOR THE MAY.

ANONYMOUS.

From out his hive there came a bee ;
 " Has spring-time come or not ?" said he.
 Alone within a garden bed
 A small, pale snowdrop raised its head.

" 'Tis March, this tells me," said the bee ;
 " The hive is still the place for me ;
 The day is chill, although 'tis sunny,
 And icy cold this snowdrop honey."

Again came humming forth the bee ;
 " What month is with us now ?" said he.
 Gay crocus-blossoms, blue and white
 And yellow, opened to the light.

" It must be April," said the bee,
 " And April's scarce the month for me.
 I'll taste these flowers,—the day is sunny,—
 And wait before I gather honey."

Once more came out the waiting bee :
" 'Tis come ; I smell the spring ! " said he.
The violets were all in bloom ;
The lilac tossed a purple plume .

The daffodil wore a yellow crown ;
The cherry tree a snow-white gown ;
And by the brookside, wet with dew,
The early wild wake-robins grew .

" It is the May-time, " said the bee ;
" The queen of all the months for me ;
The flowers are here, the sky is sunny,
' Tis now the time to gather honey . "

LXX.—BEAUTY OF NATURE.

HUGH MILLER.

I was as light of heart the next morning as any of my brother workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the rime lay white on the grass as we passed onward through the fields ; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and mellowed, as it advanced, into one of those delightful days of early spring, which give so pleasing an earnest of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year.

All the workmen rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the

neighboring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvas. From a wooded promontory that stretched half-way across the firth there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side like the foliage of a stately tree.

Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snow of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiseled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white, and all below was purple.

They reminded me of the pretty French story, in which an old artist was described as tasking the ingenuity of his future son-in-law, by giving him as a subject for his pencil a flower-piece composed of only white flowers, of which the one half were to bear their proper color, the other half a deep purple hue, and yet all be perfectly natural; and how the young man resolved the riddle and gained his mistress, by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the edge.

I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

EAR'NEST, a promise of something.	PLUM'MET, a piece of lead attached
PROM'ON TO RY, a high point of land extending out into the sea.	to a line and used to make walls vertical or to sound deep waters.
FIRTH, same as frith, a cape, an arm of the sea.	BEN WY'VIS, a mountain peak in Scotland.
STRA'TUM (<i>strā'tūm</i>), a single layer or bed of rock.	IN GENU'ITY, cleverness, power to invent.

LXXI.—A BOY'S SONG.

JAMES HOGG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
 Where the gray trout lies asleep,
 Up the river and over the lea,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
 Where the hawthorn blows the sweetest,
 Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
 Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
 There to trace the homeward bee,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

LXXII.—THE COLD-WATER MAN.

A BALLAD.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

There was an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well,—
He lived hard by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod,—
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said
He never had a wish,—
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a name,—
For though much famed for fish was he,
He never fished for fame.

Let others bend their necks at sight
Of fashion's gilded wheels,
He ne'er has learned the art to "bob"
For anything but eels.

A cunning fisherman was he,
His angles all were right;
The smallest nibble at his bait
Was sure to prove "a bite!"

All day this fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog;

With all the seeming innocence,
And that unconscious look,
That other people often wear
When they intend to "hook!"

To charm the fish he never spoke,—
Although his voice was fine,
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line.

And many a gudgeon of the pond,
If they could speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty taking way.

Alas! one day this fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't keep the log.

'Twas all in vain with might and main
He strove to reach the shore;
Down—down he went, to feed the fish
He'd baited oft before.

The jury gave their verdict that
'Twas nothing else but gin
Had caused the fisherman to be
So sadly taken in;

Though one stood out upon a whim,
And said the angler's slaughter,
To be exact about the fact,
Was, clearly, gin-and-water!

The moral of this mournful tale,
To all is plain and clear,—
That drinking-habits bring a man
Too often to his bier ;

And he who scorns to “take the pledge,”
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, *a stiff*
Cold-water man at last !

LXXIII.—WATER IN LANDSCAPE.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

I believe there is nothing in nature which so enlaces one's love for the country, and binds it with willing fetters, as the silver meshes of a brook. Not for its beauty only, but for its changes ; it is the warbler ; it is the silent muser ; it is the loiterer ; it is the noisy brawler ; and, like all brawlers, beats itself into angry foam, and turns in the eddies demurely penitent, and runs away to sulk under the bush.

A brook, too, piques terribly a man's audacity, if he have any eye for landscape gardening. It seems so manageable in all its wildness. Here in the glen a bit of dam will give a white gush of waterfall, and a pouring sluice to some overshot wheel ; and the

wheel shall have its connecting shaft and whirl of labors.

Of course, there shall be a little scapeway for the trout to pass up and down; a rustic bridge shall spring across somewhere below, and the stream shall be coaxed into loitering where you will,—under the roots of a beech that leans over the water; into a broad pool of the pasture close, where the cattle may cool themselves in August. In short, it is easy to see how a brook may be held in leash, and made to play the wanton for you summer after summer. I do not forget that poor Shenstone ruined himself by his coquetries with the trees and brooks at Leasowes. I commend the story of the bankrupt poet to those who are about laying out country places.

Meantime our eyes shall run where the brooks are running—to the sea. It must be admitted that a sea view gives the final and the kingly grace to a country home. A lake view and a river view are well in their way, but the hills hem them; the great reach, which is a type, and, as it were, a vision of the future, does not belong to them. There is none of that joyous strain to the eye in looking on them which a sea view provokes. The ocean seems to absorb all narrowness, and tides it away, and dashes it into yeasty multiples of its own illimitable width. A man may be small by birth, but he cannot grow smaller with the sea always in his eye.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

EN LACES', entwines, binds.	AU DAC'I TY, boldness, daring, over confidence.
FET'TERS, shackles for the feet, anything that confines.	LEASH, a line, a cord, especially one by which a hunting-dog is held in check.
MESH'ES, open spaces between the cords of a net, anything that entangles.	CO QUET'RIES, triflings in love.
DE MURE'LY, modestly, sedately.	YEAST'Y, frothy.
PIQUE (<i>pēk</i>), to incite to action by awakening feelings of envy.	IL LIM'IT A BLE, without limit, boundless.

LXXIV.—LITTLE EVA AND UNCLE TOM'S TESTAMENT.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Her form was the perfection of childish beauty, without its usual chubbiness and squareness of outline. There was about it an undulating and aerial grace such as one might dream of for some mythic and allegorical being. Her face was remarkable, less for its perfect beauty of feature than for a singular and dreamy earnestness of expression, which made the ideal start when they looked at her, and by which the dullest and most literal were impressed, without exactly knowing why.

The shape of her head and the turn of her neck were peculiarly noble, and the long, golden-brown hair that floated like a cloud around it, the deep, spiritual gravity of her violet blue eyes, shaded by heavy fringes of golden brown,—all marked her out from other children, and made every one turn and

look after her, as she glided hither and thither on the boat. Nevertheless, the little one was not what you would have called either a grave child or a sad one. On the contrary, an airy and innocent playfulness seemed to flicker like the shadow of summer leaves over her childish face, and around her buoyant figure.

She was always in motion, always with half a smile on her rosy mouth, flying hither and thither, with an undulating and cloud-like tread, singing to herself as she moved, as in a happy dream. Her father and female guardian were incessantly busy in pursuit of her—but, when caught, she melted from them again like a summer cloud; and as no word of chiding or reproof ever fell on her ear for whatever she chose to do, she pursued her own way all over the boat. Always dressed in white, she seemed to move like a shadow through all sorts of places, without contracting spot or stain; and there was not a corner or nook, above or below, where those fairy footsteps had not glided, and that visionary golden head, with its deep blue eyes, fledged along.

The fireman, as he looked up from his sweaty toil, sometimes found those eyes looking wonderingly into the raging depths of the furnace, and fearfully and pityingly at him, as if she thought him in some dreadful danger. Anon the steersman at the wheel paused and smiled, as the picture-like

head gleamed through the window of the round house, and in a moment was gone again. A thousand times a day rough voices blessed her, and smiles of unwonted softness stole over hard faces as she passed; and when she tripped fearlessly over dangerous places, rough, sooty hands were stretched involuntarily out to save her and smooth her path.

Tom, who had the soft, impressible nature of his kindly race, ever yearning toward the simple and child-like, watched the little creature with daily increasing interest. To him she seemed something almost divine; and whenever her golden head and deep blue eyes peered out upon him from behind some dusky cotton-bale, or looked down upon him over some ridge of packages, he half believed he saw one of the angels stepped out of the New Testament. . . .

Is it strange, then, that some tears fall on the pages of his Bible as he lays it on the cotton-bale, and, with patient finger threading his slow way from word to word, traces out its promises? Having learned late in life, Tom was but a slow reader, and passed on laboriously from verse to verse. Fortunate for him was it that the book he was intent on was one which slow reading cannot injure—nay, one whose words, like ingots of gold, seem often to need to be weighed separately, that the mind may take in their priceless value. Let us follow him a

moment, as, pointing to each word, and pronouncing each half aloud, he reads,—

“Let—not—your—heart—be—troubled. In—my—father’s—house—are—many—mansions. I—go—to—prepare—a—place—for—you.”

Cicero, when he buried his darling and only daughter, had a heart as full of honest grief as poor Tom’s,—perhaps no fuller, for both were only men ; but Cicero could pause over no such sublime words of hope, and look to no such future reunion ; and if he had seen them, ten to one he would not have believed,—he must fill his head first with a thousand questions of authenticity of manuscript and correctness of translation. But, to poor Tom, there it lay, just what he needed, so evidently true and divine that the possibility of a question never entered his simple head. It must be true, for, if not true, how could he live ?

As for Tom’s Bible, though it had no annotations and helps in margin from learned commentators, still it had been embellished with certain way-marks and guide-boards of Tom’s own invention, and which helped him more than the most learned expositions could have done. It had been his custom to get the Bible read to him by his master’s children, in particular by young Master George ; and as they read, he would designate, by bold, strong marks and dashes, with pen and ink, the passages which

more particularly gratified his ear or affected his heart.

His Bible was thus marked through, from one end to the other, with a variety of styles and designations; so he could in a moment seize upon his favorite passages, without the labor of spelling out what lay between them; and while it lay there before him, every passage breathing of some old home scene, and recalling some past enjoyment, his Bible seemed to him all of this life that remained, as well as the promise of a future one.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

CHUB'BI NNESS, plumpness, roundness of form.	IN VOL'UN TA RI LY, without thought, not willed.
UN'DU LA TING, moving gracefully like the rise and fall of waves.	IM PRESS'I BLE, easily influenced.
A E'RI AL, air-like, spiritual.	IN'GOTS, masses of metal, bars of gold.
AL LE GOR'IC AL, figurative, having an appearance unlike the reality.	AU THEN TIC'I TY, state of being genuine, trustworthy.
GRAV'I TY, seriousness, earnestness.	AN NO TA'TIONS, notes or comments.
BUOY'ANT, cheerful, hopeful.	COM'MEN TA TORS, persons who write notes or explanations of the Bible.

LXXV.—LUCY GRAY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
 And, when I crossed the wild,
 I chanced to see at break of day
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night!—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father ! will I gladly do :
’Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !”

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.



The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb ;
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
“ In heaven we all shall meet ; ”
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
 Those footmarks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank ;
 And further there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day
 She is a living child ;
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
 And never looks behind ;
 And sings a solitary song
 That whistles in the wind.

 NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

MIN'STER, a church, in former times a monastery church.	WILD, a wilderness, a dreary place.
FAG'GOT, a bundle of sticks or twigs used for fuel, also spelled fagot.	PLIED, worked at steadily.
	WAN'TON, frolicsome, without check.
	DIS PERSE', scatter.

II.

Wordsworth calls this a poem on solitude. Point out the lines that give the effect of solitude. Why did Lucy lose her way? What became of her? What is the meaning of the footsteps "into the middle of the plank"? Why do some still think Lucy is a living child? What should be the fate of Lucy under the circumstances?

LXXVI.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?"

" O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

" And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together ;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
" I'll go, my chief, I'm ready ;
It is not for your silver bright ;
But for your winsome lady :

" And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry :
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste !” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather ;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they row’d amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore ;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay’d, through storm and shade
His child he did discover :
One lovely hand she stretch’d for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back ! come back !” he cried in grief,
 Across this stormy water ;
 “And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter ! oh, my daughter !”

’Twas vain : the loud waves lash’d the shore
 Return or aid preventing ;
 The waters wild went o’er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

 NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

HEATH’ER (*hèth’er*), a hardy ever-green shrub abundant in Scotland.

BON’NY, beautiful, sweet and fair.

WIGHT (*wìt*), a strong, brave person, a weird creature.

WIN’SOME, charming, having a winning manner.

WRAITH (*ràith*), a spectre, a phantom, an unreal image.

SCOWL, a frown, a threatening look.

II.

Compare Lord Ullin’s daughter with Lucy Gray. What caused each one to leave home? Is it nobler to die for duty than for love? Did Lord Ullin act wisely? Note the effect of the lady’s presence upon the boatman. Did the life of Lord Ullin’s daughter end as you think it should?

LXXVII.—UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Under the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird’s throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall we see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And love to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall we see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

LXXVIII.—BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot;
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly.
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

These songs are found in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. If possible, read the entire play.

Note that the first song is a song of joy. Human enemies are not found "under the greenwood tree,"—only winter and rough weather can annoy.

In the second song the winter and rough weather—"the winter wind"—are not so much an enemy as man's ingratitude. The question, after all, is on the source of our greatest unhappiness—is it from within, of the mind; or from without, of things about us? How does Shakespeare answer? How would you answer?

LXXIX.—KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

JOHN RUSKIN.

I.

In a little valley, called Treasure Valley, in the mountain-land of Stiria once lived three brothers, Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, so that

you couldn't see into them, and always fancied that they saw very far into you. They lived by farming—and very good farmers they were, in their way.

They killed everything that did not pay for its eating: they shot the robins because they pecked the fruit; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and they smothered the cicadas which used to sing all summer long in the poplar trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them and turned them out of doors without paying them.

It would be very odd if, with such a farm and such a system of farming, they hadn't become very rich; and very rich they did become. They generally managed to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity. They were of so selfish and grinding a temper that they were known throughout all that country as the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as different as could be imagined. He was a fair, blue-eyed boy of twelve—kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with him.

Hence he was obliged to do most of the work about the farmhouse—to attend to the kitchen, to clean the shoes and floors—and for his pay he usually got a wholesome quantity of blows, by way of education.

But, by and by, a change came over the valley, and the hard selfishness of the two elder brothers received its due reward. No rain fell on their fields from one year's end to another. Though everything was still green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers were obliged to leave the valley, and seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains.

All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last of their ill-gotten wealth.

“Let us turn goldsmiths,” said Schwartz to Hans. “It is a good trade; and we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one finding it out.”

So they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But the people did not like the coppered gold, nor the drunken habits of the two elder brothers; and so all the gold plate was melted without bringing in enough money to buy more.

At last there was left only one large drinking-mug

which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and of which he was very fond. When it came to this mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the alehouse for a drink; leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it was all ready.

But, strange to say, no sooner had the mug been melted ready for pouring out, than there stepped out of the melting-pot a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the rainbow colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground, in waving curls, so delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into the air.

"I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River, that mountain-stream which pours its waters into the valley above us yonder. I have been imprisoned in your drinking-mug because of the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have set me free. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, makes me feel willing to serve you; therefore, listen to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the

top of that mountain from which the Golden River flows, and shall cast into the stream three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—then rose, trembled, and disappeared.

II.

The King of the Golden River had hardly disappeared, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, savagely drunk. The discovery of the entire loss of their last piece of plate sobered them just enough to enable them to give Gluck a terrible beating. When they had become altogether exhausted, they stopped and requested to know what he had to say for himself. Gluck told them his story; but, pretending not to believe a word of it, they beat him again till their arms were tired, and then staggered to bed.

In the morning the two brothers began to dispute regarding the question as to which one of them should try his fortune first by making a journey to

the Golden River. The quarrel became so furious that an officer, hearing them, came in and arrested Schwartz and carried him before a magistrate, who sent him to prison until he could pay his fine for disturbing the peace. Hans, who had cleverly escaped, resolved to set out at once for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest would not give any holy water to so bad a man as he. So Hans went to church in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful and returned home in triumph.

Next morning, before the sun rose, he put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat into a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains. It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains. The lower cliffs were like pale, gray shadows, hardly to be distinguished from the floating vapor; but higher up they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the sharp crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in

shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above a golden waterfall, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On reaching the top of the first range of green and low hills, Hans saw to his surprise that a large glacier lay between him and the Golden River. This he crossed with the greatest difficulty. The ice crashed and yawned into chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and it was with a feeling of panic and terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

After an hour's rest he again began his journey. His way lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to rest the foot, or an angle in which he could find an inch of shade from the burning sun. He had been obliged to leave his basket on the glacier; and now intense thirst was added to his fatigue; glance after glance he cast on the flask of holy water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," he thought; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him. It was a small dog which seemed to be in the last agony of death from thirst. Its eyes

looked wistfully at the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. The path became steeper now; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the waterfalls sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all far away, and his thirst became greater every moment.

Another hour passed, and he again looked down at the flask; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to drink, and as he did so, something moved in the path before him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning with thirst. Hans eyed it, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up the mountain-sides.

Hans struggled on, and soon he saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, not five hundred feet above him. At that instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned and saw a gray-haired old man lying on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his face was deadly pale. "Water!" he cried, feebly. "Water! I am dying!"

"I have none," said Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the body and went on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the

east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark.

Hans stood at the brink of the chasm through which the Golden River ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the rolling thunder. He drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs: he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over A BLACK STONE.

When Hans did not return, poor little Gluck was in great trouble. There was no bread in the house, nor any money. So he went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so well that he soon had money enough to pay his brother's fine; and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river; but Gluck only begged that he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Schwartz thought that he would manage better than Hans, and so he took Gluck's money and

bought some holy water of a bad priest. And he got up early in the morning, before the sun rose, and set off for the mountains. Like Hans, he crossed the terrible glacier; he saw the poor dog, and spurned it; he refused to help the fair child, lying upon the rocks; and to the old man, begging for water, he said, "I have not half enough for myself."

Just before reaching the brink of the river, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying in the path before him, stretching out his arms, and asking for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz. "Do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for you?" And he strode over the figure, and passed on.

A sudden horror came over Schwartz. The waves of the Golden River were black like thunderclouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over
TWO BLACK STONES.

III.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith. After a month or two he grew tired and made up his mind to try

his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had been a source of trouble to his brothers, it was twenty times worse to him who was so much younger and weaker. After he had passed it, he lay a long time to rest on the grass, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. Becoming very thirsty, he was about to drink, like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some water." When Gluck saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck.

But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle half empty. And as Gluck went on again, the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and his thirst increased so that he thought he should be forced to

drink. But as he raised the flask, he saw a little child by the roadside crying piteously for water. Gluck put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up and ran down the hill, and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, and pure white lilies; and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Again his thirst became unbearable, but when he looked at his flask there were only five or six drops left, and he would not venture to drink. At that moment he saw the little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans and Schwartz had seen it; and Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards away. "Poor beastie," said the boy; "it'll be dead when I come down again if I don't help it." Its eye turned toward him so mournfully that he could not resist; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

A great change at once took place. The dog vanished, but in the spot where it had been, stood the King of the Golden River; and he stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. "The water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying," said he, "is unholy, though it may have

been blessed by every saint in heaven; but the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it may have been defiled with corpses."

On the white leaves of the lily there hung three drops of clear dew, and these the king shook into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and then go down the other side of the mountains into Treasure Valley."

As he spoke the figure of the dwarf began to vanish. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. Then the colors grew faint, and the mist rose in the air.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical sound. Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed because the river did not turn into gold.

Yet he obeyed his friend, the dwarf, and went down the other side of the mountain toward the valley in which he had once lived; and as he went he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came again in sight of Treasure Valley, behold a river, like the

Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing, in thousands of little streams, among the dry heaps of sand.

And as the boy gazed, fresh grass sprung beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistened soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river banks, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had indeed become a river of gold. And to this day the people of that valley point out the place where the three drops of dew were cast into the stream; and at the top of the cataract are still to be seen two black stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley the "Black Brothers."

NOTES FOR STUDY.

IN HER'IT ANCE, a gift of property from one's ancestors.	PRE TENCE', a pretext, a ruse, a disguise.
SLASHED, slit, gashed so as to show beautiful linings in a garment.	EL E VA'TIONS, high lands, summits of lofty hills.

GRIND'ING, oppressing, afflicting.	PRIS MAT'IC, showing the tints of
DOUB'LET, one of a pair of like	the rainbow.
things, a closely-fitting outer	CAT'A RACT, a great fall or rush
garment.	of water.
WIST'FUL LY, longingly, earnestly.	TREAS'URE, money.

LXXX.—THE BROOK.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

I come from haunts of coot and hern ;
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley ;

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges ;

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river ;
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways
 In little sharps and trebles ;
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles ;

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow ;

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling ,

And here and there a foamy flake,
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers ;

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows;
 I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars,
 I loiter round my cresses;
 And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

COOT, a waterfowl.	MAL'LOW, a plant with soft downy leaves.
HERN, the heron, a wading bird.	GRAY'LING, a fish much like a trout, sometimes called the dace.
BICK'ER, to run swiftly with a sound of moving waters.	SHIN'GLY, made of water-worn pebbles.
THORPS, small villages.	BRIM'MING, full, overflowing.
FAL'LOW, land that has been plowed but not seeded.	

LXXXI.—THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THOMAS MOORE.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
 Oh, the last ray of feeling and life must depart
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
 heart.



THOMAS MOORE.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill :
Oh no ! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were
near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more
dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature
improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
peace !

LXXXII.—I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

THOMAS MOORE.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was
shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining :
The bark was still there, but the waters were
gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,—
So passing, the spring-tide of joy we have known :
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from
us,
And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night :
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of
morning ;
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best
light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning
When passion first waked a new life through his
frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in
burning,
Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame ?

LXXXIII.—OLD TUBAL CAIN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young ;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung ;

And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork !
Hurrah for the spear and sword !
Hurrah for the hand that wields them well,
For he shall be king and lord !"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire ;
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his heart's desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted aloud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free :
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who has given us strength anew !
Hurrah for the smith ! Hurrah for the fire !
And hurrah for the metal true !"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun ;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind—

That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage, blind ;
And he said, " Alas ! that e'er I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and sword for man, whose joy
Is to slay his fellow-man."

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low ;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high :
And he sang, " Hurrah for my handiwork !"
As the fire sparks lit the air ;
" Not alone for the blade was the bright steel
made !"
And he fashioned the first plowshare !

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands ;
Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on
the wall,
And plowed the willing lands ;
And they sang, " Hurrah for Tubal Cain !
Our staunch good friend is he ;

And for the plowshare and the plow
 To him our praise shall be!
 But when Oppression lifts its hand,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the plow,
 We'll not forget the sword!"

NOTES FOR STUDY.

WIELDS, uses, controls, manages.	BROOD'ING, meditating, worrying.
LUST, greed, unnatural desire.	OP PRES'SION, tyranny, unjust hardships.
CAR'NAGE, bloody slaughter.	TY'RANT, an oppressor, a mean and unjust ruler.
FOR BORE', to cease from some action.	

LXXXIV.—THE FOUR MACNICOLS.

WILLIAM BLACK.

I.

This is the true story of four orphan lads in a fishing-village in the North of Scotland. They were the four MacNicols—Robert an active, stout-sinewed, black-eyed lad of seventeen; his two younger brothers, Duncan and Nicol; and his cousin Neil.

It was a sad evening for Rob MacNicol when the body of his father was brought home to their poor lodgings. It was his first introduction to the hard facts of life.

"Neil," said Rob to his cousin, "we'll have to think about things now. We have just about as

much left as will pay the lodgings this week, and Nicol must go three nights a week to the night-school. What we get for stripping the nets will not do now."

"It will not," said Neil.

"Neil," said he, "if we had only a net, do you not think we could trawl for cuddies?" And again he said, "Neil, do you not think we could make a net for ourselves out of the old rags lying about the shed?" And again he said, "Do you think that Peter the tailor would let us have his old boat for a shilling a week?"

It was clear that Rob had been carefully considering the details of this plan. And it was eagerly welcomed, not only by Neil, but also by the brothers Duncan and Nicol.

It was agreed, under Rob's direction, to set to work at once. So Rob bade his brothers and cousin get their rude fishing-rods, and hie away down to the rocks at the mouth of the harbor, and see what fish they could get for him during the afternoon.

Meanwhile he himself went along to a shed which was used as a sort of storage-house by some of the fishermen; and here he found lying about plenty of pieces of net that had been cast aside as worthless.

Rob was allowed to pick out a number of pieces that he thought might serve his purpose; and these he carried home. Then came the question of floats

and sinkers. Enough pieces of cork to form the floats might in time be found about the beach; but the sinkers had all been removed from the castaway netting.

Rob was a quick-witted lad, and soon formed the plan of rigging up a couple of guy-poles, as the salmon-fishers call them, one for each end of the small seine he had in view. These guy-poles, with a lump of lead at the lower end, would keep the net vertical while it was being dragged through the water.

All this took up the best part of the afternoon; for he had to hunt about before he could get a couple of stout poles; and he had to bargain with the blacksmith for a lump of lead. Then he walked along to the point where the other MacNicol's were busy fishing.

They had been lucky with their lines and bait. On the rocks beside them lay two or three small codfish, a large flounder, two good-sized lythe, and nearly a dozen saithe. Rob washed them clean, put a string through their gills, and marched off with them to the village.

He felt no shame in trying to sell fish: was it not the whole trade of the village? So he walked into the grocer's shop.

"Will you buy some fish?" said he: "they're fresh."

The grocer looked at them.

“What do you want?”

“A ball of twine.”

“Let me tell you this, Rob,” said the grocer, severely: “that a lad in your place should be thinking of something else than flying a kite.”

“I don’t want to fly a kite,” said Rob: “I want to mend a net.”

“O, that is quite different,” said the grocer. So Rob had his ball of twine—and a very large one it was. Off he set to his companions;—“Come away, boys; I have other work for you.”

Well, it took them several days of hard and constant work before they rigged up something resembling a small seine. Then Rob fixed his gny-poles to it; and the lads went to the grocer, and got from him a lot of old rope, on the promise to give him a few fresh fish whenever they happened to have a good haul. Then Rob proceeded to his interview with Peter the tailor, who, after a good deal of grumbling, agreed to let them have his boat for a shilling a week.

Rob went back eager and joyous. Forthwith a thorough inspection of the boat was set about by the lads: they tested the oars, they tested the thole-pins, they had a new piece of cork put into the bottom. For that evening, when it grew a little more toward dusk, they would make their first cast with their net.

Yes; and that evening, when it had quite turned

to dusk, the people of Erisaig were startled with a new proclamation. It was Neil MacNicol, standing in front of the cottages and boldly calling forth these words :

“Is there any one wanting cuddies? There are cuddies to be sold at the West Slip for sixpence a hundred !”

II.

The sale of the cuddies went on briskly. Indeed, when the people had gone away, there was not a fish left except a dozen that Rob had put into a can of water, to be given to the grocer as part payment for the loan of the ropes.

“What do you make it altogether?” said Neil to Rob, who was counting the money.

“Three shillings and ninepence.”

“Three shillings and ninepence! Man, that’s a lot! Will you put it in the savings bank?”

“No, I will not;” said Rob. “I’m not satisfied with the net, Neil. We must have better ropes all the way round; and sinkers, too.”

One afternoon, about ten days afterward, they set out as usual. They had earned more than enough to pay their landlady, the tailor, and the schoolmaster; and every farthing beyond these expenses they had spent on the net.

Well, on this afternoon, Duncan and Nicol were *pulling* away to one of the small, quiet bays, and

Rob was idly looking around him, when he saw something on the surface of the sea at some distance off that excited a sudden interest. It was what the fishermen call "broken water,"—a seething produced by a shoal of fish.

"Look, look, Neil!" he cried. "It's either mackerel or herring; shall we try for them?"

The greatest excitement now prevailed on board. The younger brothers pulled their hardest for that rough patch on the water.

They came nearer and nearer that strange hissing of the water. They kept rather away from it; and Rob quietly dropped the guy-pole over, paying out the net rapidly, so that it should not be dragged after the boat.

Then the three lads pulled hard, and in a circle, so that at last they were sending the bow of the boat straight toward the floating guy-pole. The other guy-pole was near the stern of the boat, the rope made fast to one of the thwarts. In a few minutes Rob had caught this first guy-pole: they were now possessed of the two ends of the net.

But the water had grown suddenly quiet. Had the fish dived, and escaped them? There was not the motion of a fin anywhere, and yet the net seemed heavy to haul.

"Rob," said Neil, almost in a whisper, "we've got them!"

“ We haven’t got them, but they’re in the net. Man, I wonder if it’ll hold out ?”

Then it was that the diligent patching and the strong tackle told ; for they had succeeded in enclosing a goodly portion of a large shoal of mackerel, and the weight seemed more than they could get into the boat.

But even the strength of the younger lads seemed to grow into the strength of giants, when they saw through the clear water a great moving mass like quicksilver. And then the wild excitement of hauling in ; the difficulty of it ; the danger of the fish escaping ; the warning cries of Rob ; the possibility of swamping the boat, as all the four were straining their utmost at one side !

When that heaving, sparkling mass of quicksilver at last was captured, the young lads sat down quite exhausted, wet through, but happy.

“ Man ! Rob, what do you think of that ?” said Neil, in amazement.

“ What do I think ?” said Rob. “ I think, that, if we could get two or three more hauls like that, I would soon buy a share in Coll MacDougall’s boat, and go after the herring.”

They had no more thought that afternoon of “ cuddy ” fishing after this famous “ take,” but rowed back to Erisaig ; then Rob left the boat at the slip, and walked up to the office of the fish-salesman.

“What will you give me for mackerel?” he said. The salesman laughed at him, thinking he had caught a few with rods and flies.

“I’m not buying mackerel,” said he; “not by the half-dozen.”

“I have half a boat-load,” said Rob.

The salesman glanced toward the slip, and saw the tailor’s boat pretty low in the water.

“I’ll go down to the slip with you.”

So he and Rob together walked down to the slip, and the salesman had a look at the mackerel.

“Well, I will buy the mackerel from you,” he said. “I will give you half a crown the hundred for them.”

“Half a crown!” said Rob. “I will take three and sixpence the hundred for them.”

“I will not give it to you. But I will give you three shillings the hundred, and a good price too.”

“Very well, then,” said Rob.

So the MacNicol’s got altogether two pounds and eight shillings for that load of mackerel; and out of that Rob spent the eight shillings on still further improving the net, the two pounds going into the savings bank.

As time went on, by dint of hard and constant work, the sum in the savings bank slowly increased; and at last Rob announced to his companions that

they had saved enough to enable him to purchase a share in Coll MacDougall's boat.

III.

These MacNicol boys had grown to be very much respected in Erisaig; and one day, as Rob was going along the main street, the banker called him into his office. "Rob," said he, "have you seen the yacht at the building-yard?"

"Yes;" said Rob rather wistfully, for many a time he had stood and looked at the beautiful lines of the new craft: "she's a splendid boat."

"Well, you see, Rob," continued Mr. Bailie, regarding him with a good-natured look, "I had the boat built as a kind of speculation. Now, I have been hearing a good deal about you, Rob, from the neighbors. They say that you and your brothers and cousin are good, careful seamen. Now, do you think you could manage that new boat?"

Rob was quite bewildered. All he could say was, "I am obliged to you, sir. Will you wait for a minute till I see Neil?" And very soon the wild rumor ran through Erisaig that Rob MacNicol had been appointed master of the new yacht, the "Mary of Argyle," and that he had taken his brothers and cousin as a crew.

Rob sold out his share in MacDougall's boat, and bought jerseys and black boots and yellow oilskins

for his companions; so that the new crew, if they were rather slightly built, looked spruce enough as they went down to the slip to overhaul the "Mary of Argyle."

Then came the afternoon on which they were to set out for the first time after the herring. All Erisaig came out to see; and Rob was a proud lad as he stepped on board, and took his seat as stroke-oar.

It was not until they were at the mouth of the harbor that something occurred which seemed likely to turn this fine setting-out into ridicule. This was Daft Sandy (a half-witted old man to whom Robert MacNicol had been kind), who rowed his boat right across the course of the "Mary of Argyle," and, as she came up, called to Rob.

"What do you want?" cried Rob.

"I want to come on board, Rob," the old man said, as he now rowed his boat up to the stern of the yacht.

"Rob," said he, in a whisper, as he fastened the painter of his boat, "I promised I would tell you something. I'll show you how to find the herring."

"You!" said Rob.

"Yes, Rob; I'll make a rich man of you. I will tell you something about the herring that no one in Erisaig knows,—that no one in all Scotland knows."

Then he begged Rob to take him for that night's

fishing. He had discovered a sure sign of the presence of herring, unknown to any of the fishermen: it was the appearance, on the surface of the water, of small air-bubbles.

Rob MacNichol was doubtful, for he had never heard of this thing before; but at last he could not resist the pleading of the old man. So they pulled in, and anchored the boat; then they set forth again, rowing slowly as the light faded out of the sky, and keeping watch all around on the almost glassy sea.

The night was coming on, and they were far away from home; but old Sandy kept up his watch, studying the water as though he expected to find pearls floating in it. At last, in great excitement, he grasped Rob's arm. Leaning over the side of the boat, they could just make out in the dusk a great quantity of air-bubbles rising to the surface.

"Put some stones along with the sinkers, Rob," the old man said, in a whisper, as though he were afraid of the herring hearing. "Go deep, deep, deep!"

To let out a long drift-net, which sometimes goes as deep as fifteen fathoms, is an easy affair; but to haul it in again is a hard task; and when it happens to be laden, and heavily laden, with silver-gleaming fish, that is a breakback business for four young lads.

But if you are hauling in yard after yard of a

dripping net, only to find the brown meshes starred at every point with the shining silver of the herring, then even young lads can work like men. Sandy was laughing all the while.

“Rob, my man, what think you of the air-bubbles now? May be Daft Sandy is not so daft after all. And do you think I would go and tell any one but yourself, Rob?”

Rob could not speak: he was breathless. Nor was their work nearly done when they had got in the net, with all its splendid silver treasure. For as there was not a breath of wind, they had to set to work to pull the heavy boat back to Erisaig. The gray of the dawn gave way to a glowing sunrise; and when they at length reached the quay, tired out with work and want of sleep, the people were all about.

Mr. Bailie came along and shook hands with Rob, and congratulated him; for it turned out that, while not another Erisaig boat had that night got more than from two to three crans, the “Mary of Argyle” had ten crans—as good herring as ever were got out of Loch Scrone.

Well, the MacNichol lads were now in a fair way of earning an independent and honorable living. And the last that the present writer heard of them was this: that they had bought outright the “Mary of Argyle” and her nets, from the banker; and that

they were building for themselves a small stone cottage on the slope of the hill above Erisaig; and that Daft Sandy was to become a sort of major-domo,—cook, gardener, and mender of nets.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

CUP'DIES, the young of the saithe fish.	SEETH'ING, violently agitated or excited.
LYTHE, the Scotch name for the whiting fish.	DAFT, silly, insane.
THOLE'-PINS, pegs or pins that keep oars in place.	JER'SEYS, seamless woven shirts.
TRAWL, to fish with a net, to troll.	PAINT'ER, a rope with which to fasten a boat by the bow.
DINT, force, energy, or effort.	QUAY (<i>kē</i>), wharf.
THWARTS, oarsmen's seats in an open boat.	SEINE (<i>sān</i>), an upright fish-net.
CRANS, barrels.	IN SPEC'TION, careful examination.
	OIL'SKINS, water-proof garments.
	YACHT (<i>yōt</i>), a light sailing vessel.

LXXXV.—THE THREE FISHERS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Three fishers went sailing away to the west,
 Away to the west as the sun went down;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the
 town;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went
down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and
brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their
hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

LXXXVI.—THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The Mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok !"

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Can'st hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
 For methinks we should be near the shore;
 Now where we are I cannot tell,
 But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
 Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
 Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
 He curst himself in his despair;
 The waves rush in on every side,
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
 A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
 The fiends below were ringing his knell.

 NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

KEEL, the lowest part of the framework of a ship.	GUR'GLING, flowing with a bubbling sound, murmuring.
AB'BOT, the leader of a religious community, especially of monks.	FIENDS (<i>fēnds</i>), evil spirits, demons.
BUOY, a floating object moored to a rock as a guide to navigators.	KNELL (<i>nɛl</i>), the sound of a bell when tolled slowly to announce a death.
JOY'ANCE, gaiety, rejoicing.	

II.

The Inchcape Rock is a dangerous point on the coast of Scotland. What did the good abbot do to add to the safety of sailors? How did Ralph the Rover regard the pious abbot's work? How was Ralph the Rover punished? Do men often cause their own ruin?

LXXXVII.—WILLIAM HAVERLY.

SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

"About thirty years ago," said Judge P——, "I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati, in search of some books, While there a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much." He turned to go out; and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I have sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly his little eyes looked for an answer! and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man not very kindly told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes; if you like," said he, in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I will try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted.

"Do you want the book very much?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, sir; very much."

"Why do you want it so very, very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school; but I study when I am at home. All the boys have books, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn the places where he used to go."

"Does he go to these places now?" asked the merchant.

"He is dead," said the boy softly. Then he added, after a while, "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the merchant, raising *his eyebrows* curiously.

“Yes, sir; if I live.”

“Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography and you may pay the remainder when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents.”

“Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?”

“Yes; just like the new ones.”

“It will do just as well then, and I shall have eleven cents remaining to buy some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places.”

The merchant looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along I saw a nice, new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

“Thank you, sir; you are very good.”

“What is your name?”

“William Haverly, sir.”

“Do you want any more books?” I asked him.

“More than I ever can get,” he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. “It will buy some for you,” I said.

Tears of joy stood in his eyes.

“May I buy what I want with it?”

“Yes, my lad; anything.”

“Then I will buy a book for mother,” he said. “I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back.”

He wanted my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very pleasant weather until near the end of the voyage. Then came a most terrible storm, that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain.

Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were both practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night and the water gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take the boats, though they might have known no small boat could ride such a sea.

The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up. He saw how matters stood; and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post. It was surprising to see these men bow before the strong will of their captain and hurry back to the

pumps. The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me, and then at the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said rebukingly :

“Yes, sir ; there is hope as long as one inch of the deck remains above water ; when I see none of it then I will abandon the vessel, and not before, nor any of the crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save the vessel. If we fail, it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps.”

Thrice during the day did we despair, but the captain’s dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again.

“I will land you safely at the dock of Liverpool,” said he, “if you will be men.”

And he did land us safely ; but the vessel sank, moored to the dock. The captain stood on the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang-plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed he grasped my hand and said :

“Judge P——, do you recognize me ?”

I told him that I was not aware that I had ever seen him until I stepped aboard his ship.

“Do you remember the boy in Cincinnati ?”

“Very well, sir ; William Haverly.”

“I am he,” said he: “God bless you!”
“And God bless noble Captain Haverly!”

LXXXVIII.—THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shoreward blow;
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.
Call once yet,
In a voice that she will know:
“Margaret! Margaret!”

Children’s voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother’s ear:
Children’s voices wild with pain;
Surely she will come again.
Call her once, and come away.
This way, this way.
“Mother dear, we cannot stay.
The wild white horses foam and fret,
Margaret! Margaret!”

Come, dear children, come away down.
 Call no more.
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore,
 Then come down.
She will not come though you call all day.
 Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
 In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world forever and aye?
 When did music come this way?
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?

Once she sat with you and me,
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sat on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell,
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green
 sea,
She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves:
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-
 caves."
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay,
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

 Children dear, were we long alone?
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
"Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say."
"Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the
 bay.
We went up the beach in the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled
 town,
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was
 still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at their
prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves on the stones worn with
rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded
panes.
She sat by the pillar ; we saw her clear ;
“ Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart,” I said, “ we are here alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.”
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more.
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea.
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings : “ O joy, O joy,
From the humming street, and the child with its toy,
From the priest and the bell, and the holy well,
From the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun.”
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,

Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the wheezing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window and looks at the sand ;
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow laden,—
 A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.
Come away, away, children,
Come, children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl,
Singing, “ Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she,
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea.”

But, children, at midnight,
 When soft the winds blow,
 When clear falls the moonlight,
 When spring-tides are low ;
 When sweet airs come seaward
 From heaths starred with broom ;
 And high rocks throw mildly
 On the blanched sands a gloom :
 Up the still, glistening beaches,
 Up the creeks we will hie ;
 Over banks of bright seaweed
 The ebb-tide leaves dry.
 We will gaze from the sand-hills,
 At the white sleeping town ;
 At the church on the hill-side—
 And then come back, down.
 Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
 But cruel is she :
 She left lonely forever
 The kings of the sea !"

NOTES FOR STUDY.

CHAMP, to bite upon impatiently.	SHUT'TLE, a device used in weav-
CHAFE, to fret, to irritate, to annoy.	ing to carry the thread to and
OOZE, slimy mud, or wet, spongy	fro.
soil.	AM'BER, a beautiful yellowish
BASK, to lie in warmth.	resin.
BROOM, a Scotch shrub with stiff	HEATHS, open land overgrown
green leaves and yellow flowers.	with heather.

LXXXIX.—THE SANDS O' DEE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

“O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!”

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drownéd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes o' Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

XC.—THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities, instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards.

Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts, by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and

threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at courts—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would

but give up that twentieth shilling, which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box, were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsy—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself.

With this round, rosy Miss Betsey, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. "Yes; you may take her," said he, in his rough way; "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding-day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridemaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat, and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridemaids, and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for

weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

“Daughter Betsey,” said the mint-master, “get into one side of these scales.” Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

“And now,” said honest John Hull to his servants, “bring that box hither.” The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master’s honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull’s command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of

the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

“There, son Sewell!” cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather’s chair, “take these shillings for my daughter’s portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that’s worth her weight in silver.”

NOTES FOR STUDY.

COINED, made into money. COM MOD’I TIES, things bought and sold. SPE’CIE, coins. QUIN’TAL, a hundred weight. TANK’ARDS, large drinking-cups. BUL’LION, gold or silver in mass, before it is coined.	BUC CA NEER’, a pirate, a free-booter. PE’O NY, a cultivated plant, bearing large pink or, sometimes, white flowers. POR’TION, a share, an allowance usually given to the wife on her wedding day.
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XCI.—FARMER JOHN.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

Home from his journey, Farmer John
 Arrived this morning, safe and sound;
 His black coat off, and his old clothes on,
 “Now I am myself,” said Farmer John;
 And he thinks, “I’ll look around.”

Up leaps the dog : “ Get down, you pup !
Are you so glad you would eat me up ?”
The old cow lows at the gate, to greet him ;
The horses prick up their ears, to meet him.

“ Well, well, old Bay !

Ha, ha, old Gray !

Do you get good feed when I’m away ?



“ You haven’t a rib !” says Farmer John ;
“ The cattle are looking round and sleek ;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too ; how he has grown !
We’ll wean the calf in a week.”

Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,—
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you and pet you while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"

And he pats old Bay,
And he slaps old Gray;
Ah! this is the comfort of going away.

"For, after all," says Farmer John,
"The best of a journey is getting home:
I've seen great sights, but would I give
This spot and the peaceful life I live,
For all their Paris and Rome?
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels and bustle and glare,
Land all houses and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?
Would you, old Bay?
Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away.

"There Money is king," says Farmer John,
"And Fashion is queen; and it's mighty queer
To see how sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends, every year,
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives!"

The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.

 "You see, old Bay,
 You see, old Gray,
I'm wiser than when I went away.

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,—

 "That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry ;
 And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks, and ten per cent,
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till, and few good friends,
 Like you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray,—
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John,—

 O, a rich and happy man is he !
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
 And fruit on vine and tree ;
The large kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks,
The doves light round him, and strut and coo :
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too,

And you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray,
Next time I travel so far away."

XCII.—THE PUMPKIN.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

O, greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.
On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden ;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange leaves shining the broad spheres of
gold ;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.
Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and
from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and
guest,

When the gray-haired New Englander sees round
his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once
more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled
before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye ?
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie ?

O,—fruit loved of boyhood !—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts
were falling !
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within !
When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts
all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin shell coach, with two rats for her
team !

Then thanks for thy present !—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter !
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than
thine !

And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to
express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine
grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie!

XCIH.—THE POPULAR POPLAR TREE.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

When the great wind sets things whirling,
And rattles the window-panes,
And blows the dust in giants
And dragons tossing their manes;
When the willows have waves like water,
And children are shouting with glee;
When the pines are alive and the larches,
Then hurrah for you and me,
In the tip o' the top o' the top o' the tip of the
popular poplar tree!

Don't talk about Jack and the Beanstalk—
He did not climb half so high!
And Alice in all her travels
Was never so near the sky!

Only the swallow, a-skimming
The storm-cloud over the lea,
Knows how it feels to be flying—
When the gusts come strong and free—
In the tip o' the top o' the top o' the tip of the
popular poplar tree!

XCIV.—THE BORROWED UMBRELLA.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

“That’s the third umbrella gone since Christmas! What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I’m very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn’t look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he’d have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? Do you hear it against the windows?

“Nonsense: you don’t impose upon me. You can’t be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh! you *do* hear it! Well, that’s a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don’t think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don’t insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella!

“There! do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks,—always six weeks. And no umbrella! I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow? They sha’n’t go through such weather, I’m determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything (the blessed creatures!) sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder whom they’ll have to thank for knowing nothing; whom, indeed, but their father? People who can’t feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

“But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother’s to-morrow; you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don’t tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don’t you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I’ll go all the more. No; and I’ll not have a cab.

“Where do you think the money’s to come from? You’ve got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen pence, at least; sixteen pence! two and eight pence, for there’s back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who is to pay for ’em; I can’t pay for ’em, and I’m sure you can’t, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and begging your children—buying umbrellas.

“Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don’t care; I’ll go to mother’s to-morrow; I will; and, what’s more, I’ll walk every step of the way,—and you know that will give me my death. Don’t call me a foolish woman; ’tis you that’s the foolish man. You know that I can’t wear clogs; and, with no umbrella, the wet’s sure to give me a cold: it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor’s bill there’ll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn’t wonder if I caught my death: yes; and that’s what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

“Nice clothes I shall get, too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. *Needn’t I wear ’em, then?* Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear ’em. No, sir; I’m not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows, it isn’t often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once,—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady.

“Oh! that rain! If it isn’t enough to break in the windows. Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother’s, I’m sure I can’t tell; but if I die, I’ll do it. No, sir; I’ll not borrow an umbrella: no; and you sha’n’t buy

one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

“Ha! And it was only last week I had a new nozzle put on that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh! 'tis all very well for you,—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men, indeed! call themselves lords of the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

“I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me, but that's what you want; then you may go to your club and do as you like; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will: else you'd never have lent the umbrella. You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt, for what I care; 'tis not so bad as spoiling your clothes. Better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

“And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh! don't tell me that I said I *would* go; that's nothing to do with it,

nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her; and the little money we're to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

“The children, too (dear things!), they'll be sopping wet; for they sha'n't stay at home; they sha'n't lose their learning; 'tis all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't (you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel), they *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, 'tis not my fault; I didn't lend the umbrella.”

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

CLOGS, shoes with thick wooden soles.	TRAPES'ING, plodding, wading with discomfort.	DOW'DY, a carelessly and slovenly dressed woman.	SUM'MONS, a notice to a person to appear in court.	SOP'PING, dipped or soaked in water.	AG GRA VA'TING, angering, making worse.
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II.

This is one of Mrs. Caudle's famous lectures. She is represented as repeating the answers of her husband, and then discussing his remarks in her own way. Point out the places where Mr. Caudle is supposed to speak. What is the burden of her complaint? What do you think of Mrs. Caudle?

XCV.—THE IMMENSITY OF CREATION.

O. M. MITCHEL.

Light traverses space at the rate of twelve million miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star re-

quires three years to reach the earth, and Herschel's telescope revealed stars two thousand three hundred times farther distant. The great telescope of Lord Ross pursued these creations of God still deeper into space, and, having resolved the nebulae of the Milky Way into stars, discovered other systems of stars—beautiful diamond points, glittering through the black darkness beyond.

When he beheld this amazing abyss—when he saw these systems scattered profusely throughout space—when he reflected upon their immense distance, their enormous magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them—it seemed to him as though the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized.

“God called man in dreams into the vestibule of heaven, saying, ‘Come up hither, and I will show thee the glory of my house.’ And to His angels who stood about His throne, he said, ‘Take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils; but touch not his human heart—the heart that fears, and hopes, and trembles.’

“A moment, and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sounds of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven. *Some time on the mighty angel's wings, they fled*

through Saharas of darkness, wildernesses of death. At length from a distance not counted, save in the arithmetic of heaven, light beamed upon them—a sleepy flame, as seen through a hazy cloud. They sped on, in their terrible speed, to meet the light; the light with lesser speed came to meet them. In a moment, the blazing of suns around them—a moment, the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then again, on the right hand and the left, appeared more constellations.

“At last the man sank down, crying, ‘Angel, I can go no farther; let me lie down in the grave, and hide myself from the infinitude of the Universe, for end there is none.’ ‘End is there none?’ demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around there came a choral shout, ‘End there is none!’ ‘End is there none?’ demanded the angel, again, ‘and is it this that awes thy soul? I answer, End there is none to the universe of God! Lo, also there is no beginning!’”

NOTES FOR STUDY.

TRAV'ERSES, crosses in traveling, passes over.	PIN'IONS, wings of a bird.
NEB'U LÆ, clusters of stars so far away as to have a cloud-like appearance.	SA HA'RAS, deserts, vast stretches of space.
A BYSS', a bottomless gulf, an un- fathomed depth.	CON STEL LA'TIONS, groups of stars.
	IN FIN'I TUDE, that which is in- finite.

XCVI.—THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

XCVII.—COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM.

EDNA DEAN PROCTER.

Blazon Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous, golden corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of earth, 'twas born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and silken sheen,
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 'twas fed,
Till the gods were fain to share with men
The perfect feast outspread,
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent Maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal;
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.

Narrow their cherished fields ; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest.
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn.
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold ;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold :
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the west,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled corn,
Of all our wealth the best !
The arbutus and the golden rod
The heart of the north may cheer.
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear :
And jasmine and magnolia
The rest of the south adorn ;
But the wider republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden corn !

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

BLA'ZON, proclaim, make widely known.	WAINS, wagons.
E'ONS, ages, eternities.	JAS'MINE, a plant bearing fragrant white or yellow blossoms.
BE HEST', command, order.	MAG NO'LI A, an ornamental tree with large, showy, and fragrant flowers.
NA'TAL, dating from birth.	
FAIN, glad, rejoiced.	

II.

IN'CAS, names of rulers in ancient Peru.	MON TE ZU'MA, name of ancient kings of Mexico.
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The proper name for our Indian corn is maize. Corn is a term that may be applied to all grains. The rose is the national flower in England; the lily, in France; the thistle, in Scotland; and the shamrock or clover, in Ireland. What should be our national flower?

XCVIII.—THE LAST FIGHT IN THE COLISÆUM.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

As the Romans grew prouder and more fond of pleasure, no one could hope to please them who did not give them sports and entertainments. In most places where there has been a large Roman colony remains can be seen of the amphitheatres, where the citizens were wont to assemble for these diversions. Sometimes these are stages of circular galleries of seats hewn out of the hill-side, where rows of spectators might sit one above the other, all looking down on a broad, flat space in the centre, under their feet, where the representations took place. Sometimes, when the country was flat, or it was easier to build



THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

than to excavate, the amphitheatre was raised above ground, rising to a considerable height.

The grandest and most renowned of all these amphitheatres is the Colisæum at Rome. It was built by Vespasian and his son Titus, the conquerors of Jerusalem, in a valley in the midst of the seven hills of Rome. The captive Jews were forced to labor at it; and the materials are so solid and so admirably built, that still, at the end of eighteen centuries, it has scarcely even become a ruin, but remains one of the greatest wonders of Rome.

Five acres of ground were enclosed within the oval of its outer wall, which outside rises perpendicularly in tiers of arches one above the other. Within, the galleries of seats projected forward, each tier coming out far beyond the one above it, so that between the lowest and the outer wall there was room for a great space of chambers, passages, and vaults around the central space, called the arena, from the *arena*, or sand, with which it was strewn.

When the Roman Emperors grew very vain and luxurious, they used to have this sand made ornamental with metallic filings, vermilion, and even powdered precious stones; but it was thought better taste to use the scrapings of a soft white stone, which, when thickly strewn, made the whole arena look as if covered with untrodden snow. Around the border of this space flowed a stream of fresh water.

Then came a straight wall, rising to a considerable height, and surmounted by a broad platform, on which stood a throne for the Emperor, curule chairs of ivory and gold for the chief magistrates and senators, and seats for the vestal virgins.

Next above were galleries for the equestrian order, the great mass of those who considered themselves as of gentle station, though not of the highest rank; farther up, and therefore farther back, were the galleries belonging to the freemen of Rome; and these were again surmounted by another plain wall with a platform at the top, where were places for the ladies. Between the ladies' boxes benches were squeezed in, where the lowest people could seat themselves; and some of these likewise found room in the two uppermost tiers, where sailors, mechanics, and persons in the service of the Colisæum had their post.

Altogether, when full, this huge building held no less than eighty-seven thousand spectators. It had no roof; but when there was rain, or if the sun was too hot, the sailors unfurled awnings that ran along upon ropes, and formed a covering of silk and gold tissue over the whole. Purple was the favorite color for this veil; because, when the sun shone through it, it cast such beautiful rosy tints on the snowy arena and the white purple-edged togas of the Roman citizens.

Long days were spent from morning till evening

upon those galleries. The multitude who poured in early would watch the great dignitaries arrive and take their seats, greeting them either with shouts of applause or hootings of dislike, according as they were favorites or otherwise; and when the Emperor came in to take his place under his canopy, there was one loud acclamation, "Joy to thee, master of all, first of all, happiest of all. Victory to thee for ever!"

When the Emperor had seated himself and given the signal, the sports began. Sometimes a rope-dancing elephant would begin the entertainment by mounting even to the summit of the building and descending by a cord. Then a bear, dressed up as a Roman matron, would be carried along in a chair between porters, as ladies were wont to go abroad; and another bear, in a lawyer's robe, would stand on his hind legs and go through the motions of pleading a cause. Or a lion came forth with a jeweled crown on his head, a diamond necklace round his neck, his mane plaited with gold, and his claws gilded, and played a hundred pretty gentle antics with a little hare that danced fearlessly within his grasp.

Then in would come twelve elephants, six males in the toga, six females with the veil and pallium; they took their places on couches around an ivory table, dined with great decorum, playfully sprinkling a little rose-water over the nearest spectators, and then received more guests of their own unwieldy kind,

who arrived in ball dresses, scattered flowers, and performed a dance.

Sometimes water was let into the arena, a ship sailed in, and, falling to pieces in the midst, sent a crowd of strange animals swimming in all directions. Sometimes the ground opened, and trees came growing up through it, bearing golden fruit. Or the beautiful old tale of Orpheus was acted: these trees would follow the harp and song of the musician; but—to make the whole part complete—it was no mere play, but real earnest, that the Orpheus of the piece fell a prey to live bears.

For the Colisæum had not been built for such harmless spectacles as those first described. The fierce Romans wanted to be excited and feel themselves strongly stirred; and, presently, the doors of the pits and dens round the arena were thrown open, and absolutely savage beasts were let loose upon one another, while the people watched with savage curiosity to see the various kinds of attack and defence.

Sometimes, indeed, when some especially strong or ferocious animal had slain a whole heap of victims, the cries of the people would decree that it should be turned loose in its native forest, and, amid shouts of "A triumph! a triumph!" the beast would prowl round the arena, upon the carcasses of the slain victims. Great numbers of animals were im-

ported for these cruel sports, and the governors of distant provinces made it a duty to collect troops of lions, elephants, ostriches, leopards—the fiercer or the newer the creature the better—to be thus tortured to frenzy, to make sport in the amphitheatre.

Wild beasts tearing each other to pieces might, one would think, satisfy any taste for horror; but the spectators needed even nobler game to be set before their favorite monsters—men were brought forward to confront them. Some of these were, at first, in full armor, and fought hard, generally with success; and there was a revolving machine, something like a squirrel's cage, in which the bear was always climbing after his enemy, and then rolling over by his own weight.

Or hunters came, almost unarmed, and gained the victory by swiftness and dexterity, throwing a piece of cloth over a lion's head, or disconcerting him by putting their fists down his throat. But it was not only skill, but death, that the Romans loved to see; and condemned criminals and deserters were reserved to feast the lions and to entertain the populace with their various kinds of death.

Among these condemned was many a Christian martyr, who witnessed a good confession before the savage-eyed multitude around the arena, and “met the lion's gory mane” with a calm resolution and hopeful joy that the lookers-on could not understand.

To see a Christian die, with upward gaze and hymns of joy on his tongue, was the most strange and unaccountable sight the Colisæum could offer, and it was therefore the choicest, and reserved for the last of the spectacles in which the brute creation had a part.

The carcasses were dragged off with hooks, the blood-stained sand was covered with a fresh, clean layer, and a procession came forward—tall, well-made men, in the prime of their strength. Some carried a sword and a lasso, others a trident and a net; some were in light armor, others in the full heavy equipment of a soldier; some on horseback, some in chariots, some on foot. They marched in, and made their obeisance to the Emperor; and with one voice their greeting sounded through the building, "Hail, Cæsar, those about to die salute thee!"

They were the gladiators—the swordsmen trained to fight to the death to amuse the populace. They were usually slaves placed in schools of arms under the care of a master; but sometimes persons would voluntarily hire themselves out to fight by way of a profession: and both these, and such slave-gladiators as did not die in the arena, would sometimes retire, and spend an old age of quiet; but there was little hope of this, for the Romans were not apt to have mercy on the fallen.

When a gladiator wounded his adversary, he

shouted to the spectators, *Hoc habet!* "He has it!" and looked up to know whether he should kill or spare. If the people held up their thumbs, the conquered was left to recover, if he could; if they turned them down, he was to die: and if he showed any reluctance to present his throat for the death-blow, there was a scornful shout, "Receive the steel!" Many of us must have seen casts of that most touching statue of the wounded man, that called forth the noble lines of indignant pity which, though so often repeated, cannot be passed over here:—

"I see before me now the Gladiator lie;
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony.
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low,
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away.
 He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday,
 All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire,
 And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire."

Christianity worked its way upward, and at last

was professed by the Emperor on his throne. Persecution came to an end, and no more martyrs fed the beasts in the Colisæum. The Christian emperors endeavored to prevent any more shows where cruelty and death formed the chief interest, and no truly religious person could endure the spectacle; but custom and love of excitement prevailed even against the Emperor. Mere tricks of beasts, horse and chariot races, or bloodless contests, were tame and dull, according to the diseased taste of Rome; it was thought weak and sentimental to object to looking on at a death-scene.

The Emperors were generally absent at Constantinople, and no one could get elected to any office unless he treated the citizens to such a show as they best liked, with a little bloodshed and death to stir their feelings; and thus it went on for full a hundred years after Rome had, in name, become a Christian city, and the same customs prevailed wherever there were an amphitheatre and pleasure-loving people.

Meantime the enemies of Rome were coming nearer and nearer, and Alaric, the great chief of the Goths, led his forces into Italy, and threatened the city itself. Honorius, the Emperor, was a cowardly, almost idiotical, boy; but his brave general, Stilicho, assembled his forces, met the Goths at Pollentia (about twenty-five miles from where Turin now *stands*), and gave them a complete defeat on Easter-

day of the year 403. He pursued them into the mountains, and for that time saved Rome.

In the joy of the victory the Roman senate invited the conqueror and his ward Honorius to enter the city in triumph, at the opening of the new year, with the white steeds, purple robes, and vermilion cheeks with which, of old, victorious generals were welcomed at Rome. The churches were visited instead of the Temple of Jupiter, and there was no murder of the captives; but Roman bloodthirstiness was not yet allayed, and, after all the procession had been completed, the Colisæum shows commenced, innocently at first, with races on foot, on horseback, and in chariots; then followed a grand hunting of beasts turned loose in the arena; and next a sword-dance. But after the sword-dance came the arraying of swordsmen, with no blunted weapons, but with sharp spears and swords—a gladiator combat in full earnest. The people, enchanted, applauded with shouts of ecstasy this gratification of their savage tastes.

Suddenly, however, there was an interruption. A rude, roughly-robed man, bareheaded and barefooted, had sprung into the arena, and, signing back the gladiators, began to call aloud upon the people to cease from the shedding of innocent blood, and not to requite God's mercy in turning away the sword of the enemy by encouraging murder.

Shouts, howls, cries broke in upon his words; this was no place for preaching—the old customs of Rome should be observed—“Back, old man!”—“On, gladiators!” The gladiators thrust aside the meddler and rushed to the attack. He still stood between, holding them apart, striving in vain to be heard. “Sedition! sedition!”—“Down with him!”—was the cry; and the man in authority, Alypius, the præfect, himself added his voice. The gladiators, enraged at interference with their vocation, cut him down. Stones, or whatever came to hand, rained down upon him from the furious people, and he perished in the midst of the arena! He lay dead, and then came the feeling of what had been done.

His dress showed that he was one of the hermits who vowed themselves to a holy life of prayer and self-denial, and who were greatly revered, even by the most thoughtless. The few who had previously seen him told that he had come from the wilds of Asia on pilgrimage to visit the shrines and keep his Christmas at Rome,—they knew he was a holy man,—no more, and it is not even certain whether his name was Alymachus or Telemachus. His spirit had been stirred by the sight of thousands flocking to see men slaughter one another, and in his simple-hearted zeal he had resolved to stop the cruelty or die.

He had died, but not in vain. His work was done.

The shock of such a death before their eyes turned the hearts of the people; they saw the wickedness and cruelty to which they had blindly surrendered themselves; and from the day when the hermit died in the Colisæum there was never another fight of gladiators. Not merely at Rome, but in every province of the Empire, the custom was utterly abolished; and one habitual crime at least was wiped from the earth by the self-devotion of one humble, obscure, almost nameless man.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

<p>AM PHI THE'A TRE, a circular edifice with a central arena and rows of seats sloping upward.</p> <p>WONT, habit, custom.</p> <p>DI VER'SIONS, pastimes, amusements.</p> <p>EX'CA VATE, to dig or cut into, to hollow out.</p> <p>VER MIL'ION, a brilliant and lasting red substance.</p> <p>CU'RULE, chariot-like, official.</p> <p>E QUES'TRI AN, relating to horses, those who ride horses.</p>	<p>PAL'LI UM, dress of a Roman woman.</p> <p>TO'GA, a large mantle worn by Roman citizens.</p> <p>DIS CON CERT', to throw into confusion.</p> <p>TRI'DENT, a three-pronged weapon.</p> <p>RE LUC'TANCE, unwillingness, hesitation.</p> <p>MED'DLER, one who interferes with the concerns of others.</p> <p>VO CA'TION, calling, business.</p> <p>O BEI'SANCE, reverence.</p>
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XCIX.—MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

WILLIAM BYRD.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
 Such perfect joy therein I find
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss
 That God or nature hath assigned;

Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live ; this is my stay,—
I seek no more than may suffice.
I press to bear no haughty sway ;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall ;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toil, and keep with fear ;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp nor wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye,—
To none of these I yield as thrall ;
For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;
I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have ;
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss ;
I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly wave my mind can toss ;
I brook that is another's bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend ;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss ;
I weigh not Croesus' wealth a straw ;
For care, I care not what it is ;
I fear not fortune's fatal law ;
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;
I wander not to seek for more ;
I like the plain, I climb no hill ;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill ;
I feign not love where most I hate ;
I break no sleep to win my will ;
I wait not at the mighty's gate.
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich ;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court nor cart I like nor loathe ;
Extremes are counted worst of all ;

The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall ;
This is my choice ; for why, I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease ;
My conscience clear my chief defence ;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence,
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I !

C.—ANTHONY BENEZET.

Among the noble men of Revolutionary days was Anthony Benezet. His public career as a loyal and valuable defender of all that is right in the administration of public trusts is well known. But it is not always remembered that this pious man was a tower of strength to the religion he loved, and to the religious Society of Friends, of which he was a devout member.

He was an active, industrious man, with no sympathy for that spirit which seems ever on the watch to evade bodily labor. He believed that man was created to labor. His pure heart expanded toward all persons ; the poor as well as the rich. In administering to the true comfort of those around him, he knew he would best fulfill the law of Christ.

In 1778, when the pious printer of Germantown, Christopher Sower, was reduced to poverty by the unlawful seizure of his vast estate, Anthony Benezet gave liberally to the persecuted old printer, and aided him to secure food and shelter.

One day, while walking the streets of Philadelphia, he saw a man approaching him rapidly. This man was always in a hurry. Anthony Benezet requested him to stop, for he felt a divine impulse to speak to the man.

“I am now in haste,” said the man, “and will speak with you when next we meet each other.”

Quick as thought the good man replied, “Dost thou think thou wilt ever find time to die?”

This searching reply touched the man’s heart, and long afterward he expressed his thanks for the word so fitly spoken.

He was a school-teacher, and in his old age he wrote a friend that he was then instructing the grandchildren of his first pupils. On one occasion he called to pay his respects to a former pupil,—a young lady then recently married. He found her in full dress, ready to attend a ball.

He was surprised at her appearance, and exclaimed, “My dear S——, I should not have recognized my amiable pupil, but that thy well-known features and excellent qualities are not to be hidden by so grotesque and lamentable a disguise !”

When Count de Luzerne, the French Ambassador, was about returning to his own country many persons called and, in the most flattering words, bade him good-bye. Anthony Benezet also called, for the Count and he had often talked over the slavery question. When his turn came to address the Count, he said, "Thou knowest I cannot use the compliments which the company have expressed—but I wish thee the favor of heaven, and a safe return to thy country."

"Oh! Mr. Benezet," exclaimed the Count, embracing him, "you have exceeded them all!"

Anthony Benezet died May 3, 1784, aged seventy-one years.

Rebecca Jones wrote from England: "The removal of that little, valiant man, Anthony Benezet, will be a sensible chasm; but I remember from whom he derived his qualifications, and that the Divine Fountain is inexhaustible."

NOTES FOR STUDY.

E VADE', to avoid, to shun.

SEIZ'URE, the act of taking.

A'MIA BLE, kind-hearted, friendly.

GRO TESQUE', fantastic, uncouth,
out of shape.

LAM'EN TA BLE, sorrowful, mourn-
ful.

IN EX HAUS'TI BLE, not capable
of being emptied or used up.

VAL'IANT, brave, noble.

CI.—THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT IN 1863.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Will anybody deny that the Government at Washington, as regards its own people, is the strongest Government in the world at this hour? And for this simple reason: because it is based on the will, and the good will, of an instructed people. Look at its power! I am not now discussing why it is, or the cause which is developing this power; but power is the thing which men regard in these old countries, and which they ascribe mainly to European institutions; but look at the power which the United States have developed!

They have brought more men into the field, they have built more ships for their navy, they have shown greater resources than any nation in Europe at this moment is capable of. Look, also, at the quiet which has prevailed at their elections, at which you may see far less disorder than you have seen lately in three of the smallest boroughs in England. Look at their industry. Notwithstanding this terrific struggle, their agriculture, their manufactures and commerce proceed with an uninterrupted success.

They are ruled by a President, chosen, it is true, not from some worn-out royal or noble blood, but from the people, and the one whose truthfulness and spotless honor have claimed for him universal praise. And now the country that has been villified through

half the organs of the press in England during the last three years, and was pointed out, too, as an example to be shunned by many of your statesmen ; that country, now in mortal strife, affords a haven and a home for multitudes flying from the burdens and the neglect of the old governments of Europe.

And when this mortal strife is over—when peace is restored, when slavery is destroyed, when the Union is cemented afresh, then Europe and England may learn that an instructed democracy is the surest foundation of government, and that education and freedom are the only sources of true greatness and true happiness among any people.

CII.—COLUMBIA.

DAVID T. SHAW.

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view ;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.
When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,

The ark, then, of freedom's foundation,
 Columbia, rode safe thro' the storm ;
 With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
 When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 With her flag proudly floating before her,
 The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
 O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave ;
 May the wreaths they have won never wither,
 Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
 May the service united ne'er sever,
 But they still to their colors prove true.
 The army and navy forever,
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

CHIL.—SONGS OF SEVEN!

JEAN INGELOW.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
 How many soever they be,
 And let the brown meadow lark's note as he ranges
 Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' sweetest carol by fall or by swelling
 No magical sense conveys,
 And the bells have forgotten their old art of telling
 The fortune of future days.

“Turn again, turn again,” once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone,
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover:
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
And hangeth her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
Oh, children long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head:
“The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said.”

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!
Such as I wish it to be!

SEVEN TIMES FOUR.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes, how they rock in their
grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender and
small!
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own
lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain,
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full
fain;
Sing, "Heart thou art wide, though the house be but
narrow,"
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend at thy bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow;
O, bonny brown sons, and O, sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall,

A sunshiny world, full of laughter and leisure,
 And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
 Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its
 measure,
 God that is over us all!

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

FOX'GLOVE, a plant with showy flowers. DIS COV'ER, find out, learn, notice. HEIGH-HO', an exclamation of sur- prise.	HAP'LY, perhaps. MUS'ING, meditating, thinking dreamily. PROW, the forward part of a boat. THRALL, slavery, bondage.
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II.

For SEVEN TIMES ONE, see Third Reader, p. 175. Compare the song of the girl at seven times two with the song of the mother at seven times four. Does the mother-song show that the little girl became such as she wished to be? Point out the joy elements in the mother-song.

CIV.—TACT AND TALENT.

LONDON ATLAS.

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable. Tact is all that and more, too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch. It is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times. It is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into

the world. It is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. Take them to the theater, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly.

Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints, and by

keeping its eye on the weathercock is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a great name, tact a good one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket.

Tact seems to know everything, without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no look of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the forces and power of genius.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

IN TER'PRET ER, explainer, one who unfolds the meaning of anything. MO MEN'TUM, the power in a moving body overcoming resistance. AP PRO BA'TION, approval. GLIB'NESS, fluency.	PRE FER'MENT, advancement. KNACK, doing a thing easily and well, cleverness. IN SIN'U ATE, to work into a person's favor or confidence. PRO FUN'DI TY, depth of knowledge or influence.
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CV.—APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

A. W. ABBINGTON.

Where is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all His children? Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors, and rank corruptions, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it.

And down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-storms crash; and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar, the chorus sweeping the march of God; there He brews it, that beverage of life, the health-giving water.

And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming

in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, the leaves all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction.

Still always it is beautiful, that life-giving water; no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depths; no drunken, shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair. Speak on, my friends: would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?

NOTES FOR STUDY.

<p>A POS'TRO PHE, a turning to an absent person or an object, and addressing it.</p> <p>SIM'MER ING, boiling gently with a singing sound.</p> <p>BEV'ER AGE, a drink.</p> <p>I'RIS, the rainbow.</p> <p>SER'APH, an angel of a high order.</p>	<p>WARP, the threads that run the long way of a fabric.</p> <p>WOOF, the cross-threads of a woven fabric.</p> <p>CHECK'ER, to mark with squares or cross-lines.</p> <p>RE FRAC'TION, the change of direction of a ray of light.</p>
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CVI.—THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

“Five cents a glass!” Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?
“Five cents a glass,” I hear you say.
“Why, that isn’t very much to pay.”

Ah, no, indeed! ’tis a very small sum
You are passing over ’twixt finger and thumb;
And, if that were all that you gave away,
It wouldn’t be very much to pay.

The price of a drink? Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a groveling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast to-day.

The price of a drink? Let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer’s cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, and wreath of fame,
High endeavor and noble aim—
These are the treasures thrown away
As the price of a drink from day to day.

The price of a drink! If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go

Through the wretched tenement over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease like a vampire crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls.
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food ;
There shame, in a corner, crouches low ;
There violence deals its cruel blow ;
And innocent ones are thus accurst
To pay the price of another's thirst.

“ Five cents a glass !” Oh, if that were all,
The sacrifice would, indeed, be small !
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay ; and, whoever will keep account,
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows the ruinous appetite.
“ Five cents a glass !” Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink ?

CVII.—THE ROBIN'S SONG.

ANONYMOUS.

I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,
Which sung in the apple tree over the way,
What it was he was singing so sweetly about,
For I tried a long while, and I could not find out.

“Why, I’m sure,” he replied, “you cannot guess
wrong;
Don’t you know I am singing a temperance song?
Teetotal, oh! that’s the first word of my lay;
And then don’t you see how I twitter away?”

“’Tis because I’ve just dipped my breast in the
spring,
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my wing;
Cold water! cold water! yes; that is my song,
And I love to keep singing it all the day long!”

CVIII.—THE NIGHTINGALE.**A CHINESE LEGEND.****I.**

The palace of the emperor of China was the most magnificent in the whole world, made entirely of the finest porcelain: so costly, but also so fragile, that one was really obliged to take care when one touched it.

In his garden the most curious flowers were to be seen, and on the most beautiful of these, little silver bells were fastened, which kept tinkling, in order that no one might pass by without noticing the flowers. It extended so far that the gardener himself did not know where the end was. Whoever went beyond it, however, came into a most beautiful wood, with high trees and deep lakes.

The wood reached back a great way, to the very

sea, which was deep and blue ; great ships could sail close under the branches. And amid these boughs there dwelt a Nightingale, which sang so sweetly that even the poor fisherman stood still, when he was out at night to draw his nets, and listened to the Nightingale.

From all parts of the world travelers came to the city of the emperor, and they admired it, and with astonishment they beheld the palace and the garden, and all the wonderful things around them ; but when they heard the Nightingale, they all said, “ However, this is the best ! ”

When the travelers returned to their homes they related what they had seen ; and the learned men wrote many books about the city, and the palace, and the garden : but they did not forget the Nightingale ; she was placed first.

These books went round the world ; and so at last one reached the emperor. He sat in his golden chair, and read, and read, and every moment nodded his head ; for he was pleased with the splendid description of the city, and the palace, and the garden. There, too, stood these words : “ But the Nightingale is the best of all.”

“ The Nightingale,” exclaimed the emperor. “ I know of no Nightingale ! Is such a bird in my garden ? I never heard of it !—to think that one must first learn such a thing from books ! ”



Hereupon he called his chamberlain. He was so high a personage that no one of inferior rank dared address or speak with him; and when any one did venture to ask him anything, he only answered "foh!"—and that has no particular meaning.

"Why, they say there is a most curious bird here, called a Nightingale," said the emperor; "they say her song is better than any thing else in my whole empire: what's the reason I have not been informed of it?"

"I have never heard her mentioned before," said the chamberlain, "she has never been presented at court."

"It is my will that she come here and sing this very evening," said the emperor. "The whole world knows what I have, and I do not know it myself!"

"I never heard her mentioned before," said the chamberlain; "but I will go and look for her."

But where was the melodious bird to be found? The chamberlain ran up one flight of stairs and down another, through halls and corridors; not a single person whom he met had heard of the Nightingale; and the chamberlain ran back to the emperor, and said it was certainly only a tale invented by the persons who wrote the books.

"Your Imperial Majesty must not believe all that is printed in books!" said he. "Much in them is

pure invention, and that is what is called the Black Art."

"But the book in which I read it," said the emperor, "was sent me by the mighty Emperor of Japan, and therefore it cannot be an untruth! She must come here this very evening! If she do not come, then after supper I'll have the tattoo played on the back of every courtier!"

"Foh!" said the chamberlain; and again he ran up stairs and down stairs, through all the halls and corridors; and half the court ran with him, for they did not much like having the tattoo played upon their backs.

At last they met a poor little girl, employed in the kitchen, who said: "The Nightingale? Oh, I know her very well! Every evening I am allowed to carry the remnants from the table to my poor, sick mother,—she lives down yonder near the shore,—and when I rest in the wood I hear the Nightingale sing! The tears always come into my eyes; it is just as if my own mother were kissing me!"

"Little kitchen-maid," said the chamberlain, "I will get you a permanent place in the kitchen, besides a permission to see His Majesty the Emperor dine, if you can conduct us to the Nightingale; for she is announced at court for this evening."

So then they all went together to the wood where

the Nightingale used to sing: half the court was with them. As they were going, a cow began to low.

“Oh,” said the court pages, “now we have her! The voice is really extraordinary for so small an animal! I am certain I have heard the voice somewhere before.”

“No; that is the lowing of the cows,” said the little girl.

Then the frogs in the pond croaked.

“Admirable!” said the Chinese court chaplain; “that is the famous singer; it sounds just like the ringing of church bells, only in a smaller way!”

“No; those are frogs,” said the little kitchen-maid.

Just then the Nightingale began to warble one of her long, sweet trills.

“That is she!” said the girl. “Hark! hark! and there she sits!” And she pointed to a little gray bird, perched high upon a bough.

“Is it possible?” said the chamberlain. “I did not fancy she would be like that! How the simpleton looks! She has doubtless changed color at the sight of so many personages of rank.”

“Little Nightingale,” said the maiden, quite loud, “our gracious emperor wishes you would sing something to him.”

“With the greatest pleasure!” said the Nightingale.

“My excellent Nightingale,” said the chamberlain, “I have the inexpressible pleasure to require your attendance this evening at a court festival, where you will delight His Imperial Majesty with your charming song.”

“It is heard to far greater advantage in the green wood,” said the Nightingale; but she followed willingly, when she heard it was the emperor’s wish.

The palace was decked out in fine style! The walls and the floors, which were made of porcelain, glittered from many thousand golden lamps; the most beautiful flowers, with the merriest tinkling bells, were placed in the corridors.

In the midst of the grand saloon, where the emperor sat, a golden perch was erected; on this the Nightingale was to sit. The whole court was there, and the little kitchen-maid had received permission to stand behind the door.

And the Nightingale sang with such melting sweetness that tears came into the emperor’s eyes—tears rolled down his cheeks; and then the Nightingale sang more beautifully still; her song went to the heart of all who heard her; and the emperor, in an ecstasy of delight, said the Nightingale should have his golden slipper, and wear it about her neck. But the Nightingale thanked him: she was rewarded sufficiently already.

“I have seen tears in the emperor’s eyes,” said she; “that is to me the greatest treasure.”

“It is the prettiest piece of coquetry ever known!” said the ladies around; and they took water in their mouths, to make their voices liquid, and tried to move their throats as she did: they then thought themselves Nightingales: yes; even the lackeys and ladies’ maids gave notice that they, too, were satisfied; and that is saying a great deal; for, of all people, they are the most difficult to please. Yes; the Nightingale was very successful.

The whole town spoke of the wonderful bird; and when two persons met, one said “Night,” and the other “Gale;” and then they sighed, and understood each other perfectly. The children of eleven citizens were named after her; but none of them had her tones in their throats.

II.

One day there arrived a great parcel for the emperor, and on it was written “Nightingale.”

A little piece of mechanism lay in a box; an artificial Nightingale, which was meant to look like the living one; but all set over with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. As soon as the artificial bird was wound up, it could sing one of the songs which the real Nightingale sang; and its tail went up and down all the time, and glittered with silver and gold.

Round its neck was a little ribbon, on which was written, "The Nightingale of the Emperor of China is poor in comparison with that of the Emperor of Japan."

"That's splendid!" exclaimed every one; and he who had brought the Nightingale immediately received the title of "Imperial Chief Nightingale-bearer." "Now they must sing together! That will make a fine duet!"

And so together they were obliged to sing; but it would not do very well, for the real Nightingale sang in her own way, and the artificial bird was moved by wheels. "It is not his fault," said the chief musician, "he keeps time wonderfully well, and is formed exactly after my school."

Three-and-thirty times did he sing the same piece, and yet he was not at all tired. The emperor thought that now the real Nightingale ought to sing something,—but where was she? No one had observed her take the opportunity, while they were all listening and looking at the new favorite, to fly out of the open window away to her own green wood.

The real Nightingale was banished the empire. But she remained quietly in her woody retreat.

The artificial bird had his place on a silken cushion, close to the emperor's bed; and all the presents he received, gold and precious stones, lay around him; and he had risen in rank to be "Imperial Bedcham-

ber:" in rank NUMBER ONE, on the left hand ; for the emperor considers the side on which the heart is as the more exalted ; and the heart is placed on the left side even with an emperor.

One evening, when the artificial bird was in the best part of his song, and the emperor lay in bed and listened, "snap!" went something in the inside of the bird: a something made "burr-r-r!" all the wheels ran round, and the music ceased!

The emperor jumped quickly out of bed, and sent for his private physician ; but what good could he do ? Then he sent for the watchmaker ; and at last, after much debate and examination, the bird was in some measure put to rights again ; but the watchmaker said it must be taken great care of ; for the pegs were nearly worn out, and could not possibly be renewed ; at least, not so as to play with any certainty. That was a source of lamentation ! Only once a year did they dare to let the artificial bird sing.

Five years had passed ; and there was a great mourning throughout the land. The emperor was ill, and would not live, it was said. A new emperor had already been chosen ; and the people assembled before the palace, and asked the chamberlain how the emperor was.

"Foh!" said he, and shook his head.

Chill and pale lay the emperor in his ample, mag-

nificent bed: all the court thought he was dead already, and each one had hastened out to salute the new emperor. But the emperor was not yet dead: stiff and pale, there he lay in the magnificent bed with the long velvet curtains and the heavy golden tassels; high above, a window was open, and the moon shone down on the emperor and on the artificial bird.

The poor emperor could hardly breathe: he felt as if something was pressing on his chest; he opened his eyes, and saw it was Death who sat on his breast. Death had put on his golden crown, and, in one hand held the golden sabre; in the other, the splendid banner of the emperor; and around, from the folds of the great velvet curtains, peeped out the strangest faces; some quite ugly, and others so pleasing, so mild. They were the good and evil deeds of the emperor, which stared him in the face now that Death was sitting at his heart.

“Music! Music!” screamed the emperor. “Oh, dear little artificial bird, sing—oh, sing! I have given thee gold and precious things; I have even given thee my golden slipper to hang around thy neck; sing then—oh, sing!”

But the bird was silent; for no one was there to wind it up—and without that he could not sing; and Death still sat gazing at the emperor.

Suddenly was heard, very near the window, the

tones of the sweetest song: it was the little live Nightingale, that was sitting on a bough without. She had heard of the severe illness of her emperor, and was now come to sing to him, and bring him hope and consolation.

And now, as she sang, the forms became fainter and fainter, the blood flowed quicker and quicker through the emperor's weak limbs, and even Death listened and said, "Go on, little Nightingale, go on!"

"And wilt thou give me the magnificent golden sabre? Wilt thou give me the splendid banner, and the emperor's crown?" said the Nightingale.

And Death gave all these emblems of royalty for a single song: and the Nightingale sang on. She sang of the peaceful churchyard, where the white roses bloom, where the lilac sends forth its fragrance, and the fresh grass is bedewed by the tears of sorrowing friends. Thereupon Death felt a longing after his garden, and, like a cold white shadow, floated slowly out of the window.

"Thanks, thanks!" said the emperor, "thou heavenly little bird, I know thee well! I banished thee my dominions, and yet hast thou, by thy song, dispelled the evil faces from my bed, and Death from my heart. How shall I reward thee?"

"Thou hast already rewarded me," said the Nightingale. "I saw tears in thy eyes when I sang to thee for the first time; that I shall never forget."

And she sang, and the emperor fell into a sweet sleep; and oh, how calm, how restorative was that sleep!

The sun shone in at the window when he awoke, strengthened and restored to health.

And then the Nightingale flew away.

The attendants came in to look after their dead emperor—and the emperor said, “Good morning!”

NOTES FOR STUDY.

PORCE'LAIN, a costly kind of pottery.	FRAG'ILE, frail, easily broken.
COR'RIDORS, wide galleries or passage-ways in a building.	LACK'EYS, male servants.
TAT TOO', a continuous beating.	PAR'CEL, a package, a small bundle.
COUR'TIER, a flatterer, a member of a royal or court circle.	MECH'ANISM, the machinery in any object by which it is moved.
CHAP'LAIN, a clergyman with special duties as at court, on a vessel, or in the army.	AR TI FI'CIAL, not natural.
	CON SO LA'TION, the act of comforting.
	SA LOON', a large hall.

CIX.—A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

What was he doing, the great god Pan.

Down in the reeds by the river?

Spreading ruin and scattering ban,

Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,

And breaking the golden lilies afloat

With the dragon-fly on the river?



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep, cool bed of the river;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can
With his hard, bleak steel, at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf, indeed,
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor, dry, empty thing
In holes, as he sate by the river.

“This is the way,” laughed the great god Pan,—
Laughed while he sate by the river!—
“The only way since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.”
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!

Blending sweet, O great god Pan!
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,
 The lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
 Making a poet out of a man.
 The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,—
 For the reed that grows never more again
 As a reed with the reeds of the river.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

<p>PAN, the Greek god of woods and hills, son of Hermes and Callisto. He is supposed to have invented wind-instruments.</p>	<p>BAN, a proclamation or edict, an oath. LIM'PID, sparkling, clear, lucid. TUR'PID LY, thick, cloudy, muddy.</p>
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CX.—DRIFTING.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

My soul to-day
 Is far away,
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay,
 My wingéd boat,
 A bird afloat,
 Swims round the purple peaks remote.

 Round purple peaks
 It sails, and seeks
 Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,

Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim,
The mountains swim ;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles,
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff ;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls,
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild
Is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled:
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.
Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies;
O'er veiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oils and wines.
Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid,
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.
The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,

With glowing lips
 Sings as she skips,
 Or gazes at the far-off ships.
 Yon deep bark goes
 Where traffic blows
 From lands of sun to lands of snows:
 This happier one
 Its course has run
 From lands of snow to lands of sun.
 O happy ship,
 To rise and dip,
 With the blue crystal at your lip!
 O happy crew,
 My heart with you
 Sails, and sails, and sings anew!
 No more, no more
 The worldly shore
 Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
 With dreadful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Under the walls of Paradise!

NOTES FOR STUDY.

VE SU'VI AN, a name for the bay of Naples, because Mount Vesu- vius towers from its shores.	SAP'PHIRE (<i>săf'fir</i>), deep pure blue, like the gem of the same name.
IS'CHI A, an island in the bay of Naples.	REC'ON CILED, harmonized, re- stored to friendship.
CAP'RI, an island in the bay of Naples.	GAM'BOL ING, skipping about in play, sportive.

CXI.—BARTLE MASSEY'S NIGHT-SCHOOL.

(From *Adam Bede*.)

GEORGE ELIOT.

Bartle Massey's was one of a few scattered houses on the edge of a common which was divided by the road to Treddleston. Adam reached it in a quarter of an hour after leaving the Hall Farm; and when he had his hand on the door latch he could see, through the curtainless window, that there were eight or nine heads bending over the desks, lighted by thin dips.

When he entered, a reading lesson was going forward, and Bartle Massey merely nodded, leaving him to take his place where he pleased. It was a sort of scene which Adam had beheld almost weekly for years; he knew by heart every arabesque flourish in the framed specimen of Bartle Massey's handwriting which hung over the school-master's head, by way of keeping a lofty ideal before the minds of his pupils; he knew the backs of all the books on the shelf running along the whitewashed wall above the pegs for the slates; he knew exactly how many grains were gone out of the ear of Indian-corn that hung from one of the rafters; he had long ago exhausted the resources of his imagination in trying to think how the bunch of feathery seaweed had looked and grown in its native element; and from the place where he sat,

he could make nothing of the old map of England that hung against the opposite wall, for age had turned it to a fine yellow-brown.

The drama that was going on was almost as familiar as the scene; nevertheless habit had not made him indifferent to it, and even in his present self-absorbed mood Adam felt a momentary stirring of the old fellow-feeling as he looked at the rough men painfully holding pen or pencil with their cramped hands, or humbly laboring through their reading lesson.

The reading class now seated on the form in front of the schoolmaster's desk, consisted of the three most backward pupils. Adam would have known it only by seeing Bartle Massey's face as he looked over his spectacles, which he had shifted to the ridge of his nose, not requiring them for present purposes. The face wore its mildest expression; the grizzled bushy eyebrows had taken their more acute angle of compassionate kindness, and the mouth was relaxed so as to be able to speak a hopeful word or syllable in a moment.

This gentle expression was the more interesting because the schoolmaster's nose, an irregular aquiline twisted a little on one side, had rather a formidable character; and his brow, moreover, had that peculiar tension which always impresses one as a sign of a keen impatient temperament; the blue



veins stood out like cords under the transparent yellow skin, and this intimidating brow was softened by no tendency to baldness, for the gray bristly hair, cut down to about an inch in length, stood round it in as close ranks as ever.

“Nay, Bill, nay,” Bartle was saying in a kind tone, as he nodded to Adam, “begin that again, and then, perhaps, it’ll come to you what d, r, y, spells. It’s the same lesson you read last week, you know.”

“Bill” was a sturdy fellow, aged four-and-twenty, an excellent stone-sawyer, who could get as good wages as any man in the trade of his years; but he found a reading lesson in words of one syllable a harder matter to deal with than the hardest stone he had ever had to saw. The letters, he complained, were so “uncommon alike, there was no tellin’ ‘em one from another,” the sawyer’s business not being concerned with minute differences such as exist between a letter with its tail turned up and a letter with its tail turned down. So here he was, pointing his big finger toward three words at once, and turning his head on one side that he might keep better hold with his eye of the one word which was to be discriminated out of the group. The amount of knowledge Bartle Massey must possess was something so dim and vast that Bill’s imagination recoiled before it; he would hardly have ventured to

deny that the schoolmaster might have something to do in bringing about the regular return of daylight and the changes in the weather.

The man seated next to Bill was of a very different type; he was a brickmaker, who, after spending thirty years of his life in perfect satisfaction with his ignorance, had lately been seized with a desire to read the Bible. But with him, too, learning was a heavy business, and on his way out to-night he had offered as usual a special prayer for help, seeing that he had undertaken this hard task with a single eye to the nourishment of his soul.

The third beginner was a much more promising pupil. He was a tall but thin and wiry man, with a very pale face, and hands stained a deep blue. He was a dyer, who, in the course of dipping home-spun wool, was fired with the ambition to learn a great deal more about the strange secrets of color. He had already a high reputation in the district for his dyes, and he was bent on discovering some method by which he could reduce the expense of crimsons and scarlets. The druggist at Treddleston had given him a notion that he might save himself a great deal of labor and expense if he could learn to read, and so he had begun to give his spare hours to the night-school.

It was touching to see these three big men, with the marks of their hard labor upon them, anxiously

bending over the worn books, and painfully making out, "The grass is green," "The sticks are dry," "The corn is ripe"—a very hard lesson to pass to after columns of single words all alike except in the first letter. It was almost as if three rough animals were making humble efforts to learn how they might become human.

And it touched the tenderest fiber in Bartle Massey's nature, for such full-grown children as these were the only pupils for whom he had no severe epithets, and no impatient tones. He was not gifted with an equable temper, and on music nights it was apparent that patience could never be an easy virtue to him; but this evening, as he glances over his spectacles at Bill Downes, the sawyer, who is turning his head on one side with a desperate sense of blankness before the letters, d, r, y, his eyes shed their mildest and most encouraging light.

After the reading class, two youths, between sixteen and nineteen, came up with imaginary bills of parcels, which they had been writing out on their slates, and were now required to calculate "off-hand"—a test which they stood with such imperfect success that Bartle Massey, whose eyes had been glaring at them threateningly through his spectacles for some minutes, at length burst out in a bitter high-pitched tone, pausing between every sentence

to rap the floor with a knobbed stick which rested between his legs.

“Now, you see, you don’t do this thing a bit better than you did a fortnight ago; and I’ll tell you what’s the reason. You want to learn accounts; that’s well and good. But you think all you need do to learn accounts is to come to me and do sums for an hour or so, two or three times a week; and no sooner do you get your caps on and turn out of doors again, than you sweep the whole thing clean out of your mind. You go whistling about, and take no more care what you’re thinking of than if your heads were gutters for any rubbish to swill through that happened to be in the way, and if you get a good notion in ’em, it’s pretty soon washed out again.

“You think knowledge is to be got cheap—you’ll come and pay Bartle Massey sixpence a week, and he’ll make you clever at figures without your taking any trouble. But knowledge isn’t to be got by paying sixpence, let me tell you; if you’re to know figures, you must turn ’em over in your own heads, and keep your thoughts on ’em. There’s nothing you can’t turn into a sum, for there’s nothing but what’s got number in it—even a fool. You may say to yourselves, ‘I’m one fool and Jack’s another; if my fool’s head weighed four pound, and Jack’s three pound three ounces and three quarters, how many

penny-weights heavier would my head be than Jack's ?

“ A man that has his heart in learning figures would make sums for himself, and work 'em in his head ; when he sat at his shoemaking, he'd count his stitches by fives, and then put a price on his stitches, say half a farthing, and then see how much money he could get in an hour ; and then ask himself how much money he'd get in a day at that rate ; and then how much ten workmen would get working three, or twenty, or a hundred years at that rate—and all the while his needle would be going just as fast as if he left his head empty for the devil to dance in.

“ But the long and short of it is—I'll have nobody in my night-school that doesn't strive to learn what he came to learn, as hard as if he were striving to get out of a dark hole into broad daylight. I'll send no man away because he is stupid ; if Billy Taft, the idiot, wanted to learn anything, I'd not refuse to teach him. But I'll not throw away good knowledge on people who think they can get it by the six-penn'orth, and carry it away with them as they would an ounce of snuff. So never come to me again, if you can't show that you have been working with your own heads, instead of thinking you can pay mine to work for you. That's the last word I've got to say to you.”

With this final sentence, Bartle Massey gave a

sharper rap than ever with his knobbed stick, and the discomfited lads got up with a sulky look.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

AR A BESQUE' (<i>běsk'</i>), Arabian in style, fanciful, ornamental.	DIS CRIM' I NATE, to note the differences between objects.
AQ' UI LINE, like an eagle's beak, curved.	NOUR' ISH MENT, that which sustains life.
MO' MEN TA RY, lasting but a moment, sudden.	EP' I THETS, words of censure or reproach.
COM PAS' SION ATE, to have pity or sympathy for.	DIS COM' FIT, to defeat the purpose of, to vanquish.

CXII.—AUTUMN, A DIRGE.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are
dying;

And the year

On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves
dead

Is lying.

Come, Months, come away,

From November to May,

In your saddest array,—

Follow the bier

Of the dead cold year,

And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CXIV.—THE FIRST PRINTERS, AND THEIR HOMES.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

In the year 1420 there was living in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman, who kept the keys of the cathedral, and who used, after dinner, to walk

in the famous wood that even up to this time is growing just without the city walls.

One day, while walking there, he found a very smooth bit of beech bark, on which—as he was a handy man with his knife—he cut several letters so plainly and neatly, that, after his return home, he stamped them upon paper, and gave the paper to his boy as a “copy.”

After this, seeing that the thing had been neatly done, the old gentleman, whose name was Lawrence Coster, fell to thinking of what might be done with such letters cut in wood. By blacking them with ink, he made black stamps upon paper; and by dint of much thinking and much working, he came, in time, to the stamping of whole broadsides of letters,—which was really printing.

John Gutenberg, at the very time when this old Dutchman was experimenting with his blocks in Holland, was also working, in his way, very secretly, in a house that was standing not many years ago in the city of Strasburg.

But Gutenberg got on so poorly, and lost so much money in his experiments, that he went away to Mentz, which is a German city lower down on the Rhine. He there formed a partnership with a rich silversmith named John Faust, who took an oath of secrecy, and supplied him with money, on condition that after a certain time it should be repaid to him.

Then Gutenberg set to work in earnest. One of the men who assisted him was a scribe, or designer, named Peter Schöffer. His work was to finish up the book by drawing lines around the pages, making ornamental initial letters, and filling up gaps in the printing.

This Schöffer was a shrewd fellow, and watched Gutenberg very closely. He used to talk over what he saw, and what he thought, with Faust. He told Faust he could contrive better types than Gutenberg was using; and, acting on his hints, Faust, who was a skillful worker in metals, ran types in a mould; and these were probably the first *cast* types ever made. These promised so well that Faust determined to get rid of Gutenberg, and to carry on the business with Schöffer, to whom he gave his only daughter Christine for a wife.

Faust called on Gutenberg for his loan shortly after, which Gutenberg could not pay; and in consequence he had to give up to Faust all his tools, his presses, and his unfinished work, among which was a Bible nearly two-thirds completed. This Faust and Schöffer hurried through, and sold as a manuscript.

There are two copies of this Bible in the National Library at Paris, one copy at the Royal Library at Munich, and one at Vienna. It is without name of printer or publisher, and without date, in two great volumes, each of about six hundred pages. You

very likely could not read a word of it if you were to see it; for it is in Latin, and in black Gothic type, with many of the words abbreviated, and packed so closely together as to puzzle the eye.

It is certainly the first Bible printed from movable types, but poor Gutenberg got no money from it, though he had done most of the work upon it. But he did not grow disheartened. He toiled on, though he was without the help of Schöffer and of Faust, and in a few years afterward made books as good as those of his rivals. Before he died, his name was attached to books printed as clearly and sharply as books are printed to-day.

But who printed the first English book? And did that follow quickly afterward? Not many years,—perhaps twenty. And the man who did this was William Caxton,—a name which has been held in very great honor ever since.

He was in early life apprenticed to a seller of dry goods in London, and his master left him a fair fortune. His zeal and industry made him a marked man, so that he was sent by the government over to Flanders, to the city of Bruges.

A great war which raged along the Rhine at that day broke up the printing-office of Faust and Schöffer. Caxton secured some of the workmen, and, taking them over to England, set up a printing-office at Westminster, about 1474, in some outbuilding of

the famous Westminster Abbey, and there printed his *Historie of Troye*, and many another book.

After his death, the men who had worked with him—of whom Wynkin de Worde was chief—carried on labor in the same spirit of honesty and zeal, and looked forward to “the happy day when a Bible should be chained in every church, for every Christian man to look upon.”

And this was a great thing to look forward to in that day. Books had borne and were bearing a value which would astonish you now. An old Italian called Poggio had, in those centuries, and not long before, exchanged his manuscript copy of Livy for a country villa near Florence.

Chaining books to desks was not uncommon, but it was not in every church they were chained. They were in great religious houses, called monasteries and abbeys; or they were carefully guarded in the cabinets of kings. What would the good old Wynkin de Worde have thought of Bibles printed and sold for only a few pennies each!

NOTES FOR STUDY.

CA THE'DRAL, the central church in a bishop's district.	BROAD'SIDES, sheets printed on one side.
IN I'TIAL, standing at the beginning, the first.	AP PREN'TICE, one set to learn a trade.
CON TRIVE', to plan, to invent.	AB BRE'VI ATE, to shorten.
MAN'U SCRIPT, a book or paper in handwriting.	VIL'LA, a country-seat.
	CAB'I NETS, closets, private rooms.

CXV.—PEACH-BLOSSOM.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Nightly the hoar-frost freezes
The young grass of the field,
Nor yet have blander breezes
The buds of the oak unsealed :
Not yet pours out the pine
His airy resinous wine ;
But over the southern slope,
In the heat and hurry of hope,
The wands of the peach-tree first
Into rosy beauty burst :
A breath, and the sweet buds ope !
A day, and the orchards bare,
Like maids in haste to be fair,
Lightly themselves adorn
With a scarf the Spring at the door
Has sportively flung before,
Or a stranded cloud of the morn !

What spirit of Persia cometh
And saith to the buds, " Unclose !"
Ere ever the first bee hummeth,
Or woodland wildflower blows ?
What prescient soul in the sod
Garlands each barren rod
With fringes of bloom that speak
Of the baby's tender breast,

And the boy's pure lip unpressed,
And the pink of the maiden's cheek ?
The swift, keen Orient so
Prophesies as of old,
While the apple's blood is cold,
Remembering the snow.

Afar, through the mellow hazes
Where the dreams of June are stayed,
The hills, in their vanishing mazes,
Carry the flush and fade !
Southward they fall, and reach
To the bay and ocean beach,
Where the soft, half-Syrian air
Blows from the Chesapeake's
Inlets and coves and creeks
On the fields of Delaware !
And the rosy lakes of flowers,
That here alone are ours,
Spread into seas that pour
Billow and spray of pink
Even to the blue wave's brink,
All down the Eastern Shore !

Pain, Doubt, and Death are over !
Who thinks, to-day, of toil ?
The fields are certain of clover,
The gardens of wine and oil.



BAYARD TAYLOR.

What though the sap of the North,
 Drowsily peereth forth
 In the orchards, and still delays ?
 The peach and the poet know
 Under the chill the glow,
 And the token of golden days !

What fool, to-day, would rather
 In wintry memories dwell ?
 What miser reach to gather
 The fruit these boughs foretell ?
 No, no !—the heart has room
 For present joy alone,
 Light shed and sweetness blown,
 For odor and color and bloom !
 As the earth in the shining sky,
 Our lives in their own bliss lie ;
 Whatever is taught or told,
 However men moan and sigh,
 Love shall never grow cold,
 And Life shall never die !

NOTES FOR STUDY.

BLAND'ER, gentler, more balmy.

RES'IN OUS, full of resin.

WANDS, long, slender rods indicat-
 ing authority.

STRAND'ED, drifted ashore.

PRE'SCIENT, far-seeing, fore-know-
 ing.

PROPH'ESIES, predicts future
 events, to reveal, to declare.

COVES, small bays.

CXVI.—A RUSSIAN HEROINE.

• CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

I.

Prascovia was the daughter of a captain in the Russian army, who for some unknown reason had undergone the sentence of exile to Siberia, from the insane Czar Paul I. The Russian government, being despotic, is naturally inclined to be suspicious, and it has long been the custom to send off persons supposed to be dangerous to the state, to live in the intensely cold and remote district of Siberia. Actual criminals are marched off in chains, and kept working in the mines; but political offenders are permitted to live with their families.

The miseries of the exiles have been much mitigated in these later times, many more comforts are permitted them, and though closely watched, and suffering from many annoying regulations, those of higher rank receive a sufficient sum out of their own revenues to enable them to live in tolerable ease, and without actual drudgery.

Under the Czars who reigned before the kind-hearted Alexander I., the banishment was far more terrible. It was not only the being absent from home and friends, but it was a fall from all the luxuries of civilized life to the utmost poverty, and that in a climate of fearful severity, with a winter lasting nine months.

Captain Lopouloff was condemned for life, was placed in the village of Ischim, far to the north of Tobolsk, and obtained an allowance of only ten kopeks a day. His wife, and their little girl, aged three years, accompanied him, working hard at the common domestic cares for which they had been used to trust to servants. As the little Prascovia grew older, she not only helped her mother, but gained employment in the village, going out to assist in the late and scanty rye harvest, and obtaining a small bundle of the rye as her wages. She was very happy, even in this wild dreary home, amid all the deep snows, iron frosts, and long darkness, until she was nearly fifteen, when she began to understand how wretched her father was in his banishment.

He had sent a petition to the Governor of Siberia, in the charge of an officer, who had promised to represent his case strongly, and the watching for the answer, and continued disappointment, whenever a courier arrived from Tobolsk, rendered him so restless, that he no longer tried to put on a cheerful countenance before his daughter, but openly lamented his hard fate.

His despair awoke Prascovia from her childish enjoyments. She daily prayed that he might be brought home and comforted, and, as she said herself, it one day darted into her mind like a flash of

lightning, just as she finished saying her prayers, that she might go to Petersburg and obtain his pardon. Long did she dwell upon the thought, going alone among the pine-trees to dream over it, and to pray that grace and strength might be given her for this great work—this exceeding bliss of restoring her father to his home. Still she durst not mention the project; it seemed so impossible, that it died away upon her lips whenever she tried to ask her father's permission, till at last she set herself a time, at which nothing should prevent her from speaking.

The day came; she went out among the whispering pines, and again prayed for strength to make her proposal, and that her father might be led to listen to it favorably. But prayers are not always soon answered. Her father listened to her plan in silence, then called out to his wife: "Here is a fine patroness! Our daughter is going off to Petersburg to speak for us to the Emperor," and he related all the scheme that had been laid before him with such a throbbing heart, in a tone of amusement.

"She ought to be attending to her work instead of talking nonsense," said the wife; and when poor Prascovia began to cry bitterly, her mother held out a cloth to her, saying in a kind, half-coaxing tone, "Here, my child, dust the table for dinner, and then you may set off to Petersburg at your ease."

Still day after day Prascovia returned to the charge, entreating that her scheme might at least be considered, till her father grew displeased, and severely forbade her to mention it again. She abstained; but for three whole years she never failed to add to her daily prayers a petition that his consent might be gained. During this time her mother had a long and serious illness, and Prascovia's care, as both nurse and housewife, gave her father and mother such confidence in her that they no longer regarded her as a child; and when she again ventured to bring her plan before them, they did not laugh at her, but besought her not to leave them in their declining years to expose herself to danger on so wild a project. She answered by tears, but she could not lay it aside.

Another difficulty was, that without a passport she would have been immediately sent back to Ischim, and so many petitions from her father had been disregarded that there was little chance that any paper sent by him to Tobolsk would be attended to. However, she found one of their fellow-exiles who drew up a request in due form for a passport for her, and after six months more of waiting the answer arrived. She was not herself a prisoner, she could leave Siberia whenever she pleased, and the passport was inclosed for her. Her father, however, seized upon it, and locked it up, declaring that he had only allowed

the application to go in the certainty that it would be refused, and that nothing should induce him to let a girl of eighteen depart alone for such a journey.

Prascovia still persevered, and her disappointment worked upon her mother to promise not to prevent her from going, provided her father consented; and at last he yielded. "What shall we do with this child?" he said: "we shall have to let her go." Still he said, "Do you think, poor child, that you can speak to the Emperor as you speak to your father in Siberia? Sentinels guard every entrance to his palace, and you will never pass the threshold. Poor even to beggary, without clothes or introductions, how could you appear, and who will deign to present you?"

However, Prascovia trusted that the same Providence that had brought her the passport would smooth other difficulties; she had boundless confidence in the Power to whom she had committed herself, and her own earnest will made obstacles seem as nothing. That her undertaking should not be disobedient was all that she desired. And at length the consent was won, and the 8th of September, 1805, fixed for her day of departure.

At dawn she was dressed, with a little bag over her shoulder, and her father was trying to make her take the whole family store of wealth, one silver

rouble, though, as she truly said, this was not enough to take her to Petersburg, and might do some good at home, and she only took it at last when he laid his strict commands on her.

When the first sunbeam shone into the room, there was, according to the beautiful old Russian custom, a short, solemn silence, for private prayer for the traveler. Then there was a last embrace, and Prascovia, kneeling down, received her parents' blessing, rose up, and set her face upon her way—a girl of nineteen, with a single rouble in her pocket, to walk through vast expanses of forest, and make her way to the presence of her sovereign.

She often lost her way; and when she asked the road to Petersburg, she was only laughed at. She knew the names of no nearer places in the way, but fancied that the sacred town of Kief, where the Russian power had first begun, was on the route; so, if people did not know which was the road to Petersburg, she would ask for Kief. One day, when she came to a place where three roads branched off, she asked some travelers in a carriage that passed her, which of them led to Kief. "Whichever you please," they answered, laughing; "one leads as much as the other either to Kief, Paris, or Rome." She choose the middle, which was fortunately the right one, but she was never able to give any exact account of the course she had taken, for she confused

the names of the villages she passed, and only remembered certain incidents that had impressed themselves on her memory.

When not far from a place called Kamouicheff, she was caught in a furious storm at the end of a long day's journey. She hurried on in hopes of reaching the nearest houses ; but a tree was blown down just before her, and she thought it safer to hasten into a thicket, the close bushes of which sheltered her a little against the wind. Darkness came on before the storm abated enough for her to venture out, and there she stayed, without daring to move, though the rain at length made its way through the branches, and soaked her to the skin.

At dawn, she dragged herself to the road, and was there offered a place in a cart driven by a peasant, who set her down in the middle of the village at about eight o'clock in the morning. She fell down while getting out, and her clothes were not only wet through with the night's drenching, but covered with mire ; she was spent with cold and hunger, and felt herself such a deplorable object, that the neatness of the houses filled her with alarm.

She, however, ventured to approach an open window, where she saw a woman shelling peas, and begged to be allowed to rest and dry herself, but the woman surveyed her scornfully, and ordered her off ; and she met with no better welcome at any

other house. At one, where she sat down at the door, the mistress drove her off, saying that she harbored neither thieves nor vagabonds. "At least," thought the poor wanderer, "they cannot hunt me from the church;" but she found the door locked, and when she sat down on the stone steps, the village boys came round her, hooting at her, and calling her a thief and runaway; and thus she remained for two whole hours, ready to die with cold and hunger, but inwardly praying for strength to bear this terrible trial.

At last, a kinder woman came up through the rude little mob, and spoke to her in a gentle manner. Prascovia told what a terrible night she had spent in the wood, and the starost, or village magistrate, examined her passport, and found that it answered for her character. The good woman offered to take her home, but on trying to rise, she found her limbs so stiff that she could not move; she had lost one of her shoes, and her feet were terribly swollen. She never entirely recovered the effects of that dreadful night of exposure.

The villagers were shocked at their own inhospitality, they fetched a cart and lodged her safely with the good woman, with whom she remained several days, and when she was again able to proceed, one of the villagers gave her a pair of boots.

Once she had a terrible fright. She had been re-

fused an entrance at all the houses in a village street, when an old man, who had been very short and sharp in his rejection, came and called her back. She did not like his looks, but there was no help for it, and she turned back with him. His wife looked even more repulsive than he did, and no sooner had they entered the miserable one-roomed cottage, than she shut the door and fastened it with strong bolts, so that the only light in the place came from oak slips which were set on fire and stuck into a hole in the wall. By their flicker Prascovia thought she saw the old people staring at her most unpleasantly, and presently they asked her where she came from.

“From Ischim. I am going to Petersburg.”

“And you have plenty of money for the journey?”

“Only eighty copper-kopecks now,” said Prascovia, very glad just then to have no more.

“That’s a lie,” shouted the old woman; “people don’t go that distance without money.”

She vainly declared it was all she had; they did not believe her, and she could hardly keep back her tears of indignation and terror. At last they gave her a few potatoes to eat, and told her to lie down on a great brick stove, the wide ledges of which are the favorite sleeping places of the poorer Russians. She laid aside her upper garments, and with them her pockets and her pack, hoping within herself that

the smallness of the sum might at least make her not worth murdering; then praying with all her might, she lay down. As soon as they thought her asleep, they began whispering.

“She must have more money,” they said; “she certainly has notes.”

“I saw a string round her neck,” said the old woman, “and a little bag hanging to it. The money must be there.”

Then after some low murmurs, they said, “No one saw her come in here. She is not known to be still in the village.”

And next the horrified girl saw the old woman climbing up the stove. She again declared that she had no money, and entreated for her life, but the woman made no answer, only pulled the bag from off her neck, and felt her clothes all over, even taking off her boots, and opening her hands, while the man held the light; but, at last, finding nothing in the bag but the passport, they left her alone, and lay down themselves. She lay trembling for a good while, but at last she knew by their breathing that they were both asleep, and she, too, fell into a slumber, from which she did not waken till the old woman roused her at broad daylight.

Prascovia was heartily glad to leave their house; but when she ventured to look into her little store, she found that her eighty kopecks had become one

hundred and twenty. She always fully believed that these people had had the worst intentions, and thanked God for having turned their hearts.

II.

Winter began to come on, and an eight days' snow-storm forced her to stop till it was over; but when she wanted to set off again, the peasants declared that to travel on foot alone in the snow would be certain death even to the strongest men, for the wind raises the drifts, and makes the way indistinguishable, and they detained her till the arrival of a convoy of sledges. The drivers, on learning her story, offered her a seat in a sledge, but her garments were not adapted for winter traveling, and, though they covered her with one of the wrappers of their goods, on the fourth day the intense cold had so affected her, that she was obliged to be lifted from the sledge, with one cheek frost-bitten.

The good carriers rubbed it with snow, and took every possible care of her; but they said it was impossible to take her on without a sheepskin pelisse, since otherwise her death from the increasing cold was certain. She cried bitterly. The carriers then agreed to club together to buy her a sheepskin, but none could be had; no one at the station would spare theirs.

"Let us lend her our pelisses by turns," said one

of the carriers. "Or rather, let her always wear mine, and we will change about." To this all agreed; Prascovia was well wrapped up in one of the sheep-skin pelisses, whose owner rolled himself in the wrapper, curled his feet under him, and sung at the top of his lungs. All the way Prascovia's silent prayers arose, that these kind men's health might suffer no injury from the cold to which they thus exposed themselves.

At the inn, at which they put up, the hostess told Prascovia the names of the most charitable persons in the town, and so especially praised a certain Madame Milin, that Prascovia resolved to apply to her the next day for advice how to proceed further. First, as it was Sunday, however, she went to church. Her worn traveling dress, as well as her fervent devotion, attracted attention, and as she came out, a lady asked her who she was. Prascovia gave her name, and further requested to be directed where to find Madame Milin, whose benevolence was everywhere talked of. "I am afraid," said the lady, "that this Madame Milin's beneficence is a good deal exaggerated; but come with me, and I will take care of you."

Prascovia did not much like this way of speaking; but the stranger pointed to Madame Milin's door, saying that if she were rejected there, she must return to her. Without answering, Prascovia asked

the servants whether Madame Milin were at home, and only when they looked at their mistress in amazement, did she discover that she had been talking to Madame Milin herself all the time.

This good lady kept her as a guest all the rest of the winter, and strove to remedy the effects of the severe cold she had caught on the night of the tempest.

At last she set off again for Moscow in a covered sledge, with a letter to a lady, who sent her on again to Petersburg, under the care of a merchant, with a letter to the Princess de T——, and thus at length she arrived at the end of her journey, eighteen months after she had set off from Ischim with her rouble and her staff. The merchant took her to his own house. A visitor at the merchant's advised her to get a petition to the Senate drawn up, begging for a revision of her father's trial, and offered to get it drawn up for her. Accordingly, day after day, for a whole fortnight, did the poor girl stand on the steps of the Senate-house, holding out her petition to every one whom she fancied to be a senator, and being sometimes roughly spoken to, sometimes waved aside, sometimes offered a small coin as a beggar, but never attended to.

Holy Week came on, and Prascovia's devotions and supplications were addressed entirely to her God. On Easter-day, that day of universal joy,

she was unusually hopeful; she went out with her hostess in the carriage, and told her that she felt a certainty that another time she should meet with success.

“I would trouble myself no more with senates and senators,” said the lady. “It is just as well worth while as it would be to offer your petition to yonder iron man,” pointing to the famous statue of Peter the Great.

“Well,” said Prascovia, “God is Almighty, and if He would, He could make that iron man stoop and take my petition.”

The lady laughed carelessly; but as they were looking at the statue, she observed that the bridge of boats over the Neva was restored, and offered to take Prascovia at once to leave her letter with Mde. de L——. They found the lady at home. She received her most kindly, and looked at the petition, which she found so ignorantly framed and addressed, that it was no wonder that it had not been attended to. She said that she had a relation high in office in the Senate who could help Prascovia. And while Prascovia was at dinner with her friends, this very gentleman came in. She was introduced to him, and her circumstances explained.

He took great interest in her, but assured her that applications to the Senate were useless; for even if she should prevail to have the trial revised,

it would be a tedious and protracted affair, and very uncertain; so that it would be far better to trust to the kind disposition of the Czar Alexander himself.

Prascovia went back to the merchant's greatly encouraged, and declaring that, after all, she owed something to the statue of Peter the Great, for but for him they might not have observed that the Neva was open! The merchant himself now returned from Riga, and took her to see M. V——. He was warmly interested, and going at once to the Empress-mother, who was one of the most gentle and charitable women in the world, he brought back her orders that she should be presented to the empress that very evening.

Poor child, she turned pale, and her eyes filled with tears at this sudden brightening of hope. Instead of thanking M. V——, her first exclamation was, "My God, not in vain have I put my trust in Thee." Then kissing Mme. V——'s hands, she cried, "You, you alone can make my thanks acceptable to the good man who is saving my father!"

She never disturbed herself as to her dress, or any matter of court etiquette: her simple heart was wrapped up in its one strong purpose. Mme. V—— merely arranged the dress she had on, and sent her off with the secretary. When she really saw the palace before her, she said, "Oh, if my father could

see me, how glad he would be. My God, finish Thy work !”

The Empress Mary was a tender-hearted woman of the simplest manners. She received Prascovia in her private room, and listened most kindly to her story ; then praised her self-devotion and filial love, and promised to speak in her behalf to the Emperor—giving her 300 roubles for her present needs. Prascovia was so much overcome by her kindness, that when afterward Mme. V—— asked how she had sped in her interview, she could only weep for gladness.

Two days after, the Empress-mother took her to a private audience of the Emperor and his wife, the Empress Elizabeth. No particulars are given of this meeting, except that Prascovia was most graciously received, and that she came away with a gift of 5000 roubles, and the promise that her father’s trial should be at once revised.

And now all the persons who had scarcely attended Prascovia vied with each other in making much of her. Two ladies took her to see the state apartments of the Imperial palace. When they pointed to the throne, she stopped short, exclaiming, “Is that the throne? Then that is what I dreaded so much in Siberia !” And as all her past hopes and fears, her dangers and terrors, rushed on her, she clasped her hands, and exclaiming, “The Emperor’s

throne!" she almost fainted. Then she begged leave to draw near, and kneeling down, she kissed the steps, of which she had so often dreamt as the term of her labors, and she exclaimed aloud, "Father, father! see whither the Divine Power has led me! My God, bless this throne—bless him who sits on it—make him as happy as he is making me!"

First, she went to Kief, the place where the first Christian teaching in Russia had begun. From Kief, she returned to Nishni, where she hoped to meet her parents. She had reckoned that about the time of her arrival they might be on their way back from Siberia, and as soon as she met the abbess she eagerly asked if there were no tidings of them.

"Excellent tidings," said the abbess. "I will tell you in my rooms." Prascovia followed her in silence, until they reached the reception-room, and there stood her father and mother! Their first impulse on seeing the daughter who had done so much for them, was to fall on their knees; but she cried out with dismay, and herself kneeling, exclaimed, "What are you doing? It is God, God only, who worked for us. Thanks be to his providence for the wonders He has wrought in our favor."

NOTES FOR STUDY.

DES POT'IC, ruled by an absolute monarch.	ROU'BLE, a Russian coin worth about 77 cents.
MIT'I GATED, lessened, made easier.	IN HOS PI TAL'I TY, a lack of kindness to strangers.
KO'PECK, a Russian coin worth about one-half a cent.	IN DIG NA'TION, anger.
COU'RI ER, one who carries messages, an attendant.	IN DIS TIN'GUISH A BLE, not easily seen, not visible.
PA'TRON ESS, a woman who protects, aids, or assists some person or thing.	CON'VOY, a guard sent to protect moving property.
AB STAIN', to keep one's self back, to refrain.	PE LISSE', a long outer garment lined with fur.
PASS'PORT, an official paper guaranteeing protection to a traveler.	BENEFI' CENCE, goodness, charity.
DEIGN (<i>dān</i>), to stoop so far as to grant, give, or allow.	PRO TRACT', to lengthen out, to put off, to defer.
VAG'A BONDS, tramps, wanderers.	ET'I QUETTE, the rules of polite society.
	VIE, to strive for first place.

CXVII.—THE PERKIOMEN.

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER.

Here, in times long gone, October bright
 In sombre forests set her glory light;
 Where village street leads o'er the bridge's span,
 Among brown hills and peaceful meadows ran
 The Perkiomen, singing all the day.

For well-tilled fields gave back a hundred-fold,
 And well-filled barns could scarce their treasure hold;
 The orchards, bending 'neath the weight they bore,
 Cast down their golden fruit upon the shore
 Of Perkiomen, singing all the day.

There came a change: the leaves upon the wood
Burned brighter with a color as of blood;
The waving northern lights, the camp-fires' glow
Seemed from the heights a tinge of blood to throw
 On Perkiomen at the close of day.

At morn a host marched proudly to the fight;
And some returned their camp-fires to relight,
And some to hear awhile the waters flow;
Then ears grew dull in coming death, and low
 The Perkiomen sang on that dread day.

And prayers in many distant homes were said
By hearts that ne'er again were comforted;
While here the soldier saw in dreams again
Home scenes, made vivid by the sad refrain
 Of Perkiomen, singing all the day.

Yet 'mid the gloom and doubt the living learned
How still defeat to victory might be turned;
Until the cannon thundered from the hill
A conquest's tale, and glad below the mill
 The Perkiomen sang on that great day.

But nature soon forgets: that camp is lost;
She hides the graves of all that armed host;
On the same site now stands another mill;
Another miller leans on the white sill
 To hear the Perkiomen sing to-day.

Let not our hearts forget. Lo! time makes plain
How from the sacrifice has grown our gain.
Here orchards bloom; each year its harvest brings,
And clearer still of peace and plenty sings
The Perkiomen all the autumn day.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

The Perkiomen is a beautiful stream, flowing through Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, and emptying into the Schuylkill. Before and after the battle of Germantown Washington's army was encamped upon this stream,—General Washington's headquarters being at Pennypacker's Mills. Many soldiers are buried near, among them General Nash of North Carolina. Here, too, Washington announced to his army the defeat of Burgoyne.

CXVIII.—LITTLE TOM THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Tom and his master did not go into Harthover House by the great iron gates, as if they had been dukes or bishops, but round the back way, and a very long way round it was; and into a little back door, and then in a passage the housekeeper met them, in such a flowered chintz dressing-gown, that Tom mistook her for my lady herself; and she gave Grimes solemn orders about "You will take care of this, and take care of that," as if he were going up the chimneys, and not Tom.

And Grimes listened, and said every now and then, under his voice, "You'll mind that, you little

beggar!" and Tom did mind, at least all that he could. And then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin, in a lofty and tremendous voice: and so after a whimper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture.

How many chimneys he swept I cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was used, but such as are to be found in old country-houses, large and crooked chimneys, which had been altered again and again, till they ran into one another.

So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is under ground; but at last coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthrug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never seen the like. He had never been in gentlefolks' rooms but when the carpets were all up and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with aprons and dusters; and he had

often enough wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the quality to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white; white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers, and the walls hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of dogs and horses. The horses he liked, but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bull-dogs amongst them, not even a terrier.

But of the two pictures which took his fancy the most, one was a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room; for he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He fancied that he had seen something like it in a shop window. But why was it there? "Poor man," thought Tom, "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a sad picture in her room? Perhaps it was some relation of hers, who



had been murdered by savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." And Tom felt sad, and awed, and turned to look at something else.

The next thing Tom saw, and that, too, puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with jugs and basins, and soap and brushes and towels, and a large bath full of clean water. "What a heap of things all for washing! She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "to want as much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt so well out of the way afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels."

And then, looking towards the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older, but Tom did not think of that; he thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered if she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

“No; she cannot be dirty; she never could have been dirty,” thought Tom to himself, and then he thought, “Are all people like that when they are washed?” And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered if it ever would come off. “Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her.”

And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily, “What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady’s room?” And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which he had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty, and burst into tears of shame and anger, and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide; and upset the fender, and threw the fire-irons down, with a noise as of two thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs’ tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him; Tom would have been

had been murdered by savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." And Tom felt sad, and awed, and turned to look at something else.

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But she did not hold him; Tom would have been

ashamed to face his friends forever if he had been stupid enough to be caught by an old woman ; so he doubled under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

He did not need to drop out, though he would have done so bravely enough, for all under the window spread a tree, with great leaves, and sweet white flowers, almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia ; and down he went, like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron railings, and up the park toward the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

<p>BLEARED, dimmed by disease or tears, inflamed.</p> <p>SHRILL, sharp, high pitched.</p> <p>PLUN'DER, to take by force.</p> <p>FEN'DER, a frame around an open hearth to keep the coals from rolling out upon the floor.</p> <p>TRE MEN'DOUS, awful, fearful.</p>	<p>MOLE, a small mouse-like animal that burrows in the ground and feeds upon earthworms.</p> <p>FITCH'Y, like pitch, black.</p> <p>FOR'EIGN, belonging to other peoples or countries.</p> <p>AWED, filled with respect, or reverence, and fear.</p>
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CXIX.—THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

When my mother died, I was very young,
 And my father sold me while yet my tongue
 Could scarcely cry, "'weep ! 'weep ! 'weep ! 'weep !"
 So your chimneys I sweep and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I
said,
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's
bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white
hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and
Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins, and set them all free;
Then down the green plain, leaping, laughing they
run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and he rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work;
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and
warm:

So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.



CXX.—BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

JAMES W. WATSON.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow !
Filling the sky and the earth below ;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,

Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along ;
Beautiful snow ! it can do nothing wrong.

O, the snow ! the beautiful snow !
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go !
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one ;

Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by ;
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song !
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye !

Ringling,
Swinging,
Dashing they go
Over the crest of the beautiful snow.

CXXI.—BACKLOG STUDIES.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

The fire on the hearth has almost gone out in New England ; the hearth has gone out ; the family has lost its center ; age ceases to be respected ; sex is

only distinguished by the difference between millinery bills and tailors' bills; there is no more toast-and-cider; the young are not allowed to eat mince pie at ten o'clock at night; half a cheese is no longer set to toast before the fire; you scarcely ever see, in front of the coals, a row of roasting apples, which a bright little girl, with many a dive and start, shielding her sunny face from the fire with one hand, turns from time to time; scarce are the gray-haired sires who strop their razors on the family Bible, and doze in the chimney corner. A good many things have gone out with the fire on the hearth.

I do not mean to say that public and private morality have vanished with the hearth. A good degree of purity and considerable happiness are possible with grates and blowers; it is a day of trial, when we are all passing through a fiery furnace, and very likely we shall be purified as we are dried up and wasted away. Of course the family is gone, as an institution, though there still are attempts to bring up a family round a "register." But you might just as well try to bring it up by hand, as without the rallying point of a hearthstone.

Are there any homesteads nowadays? Do people hesitate to change houses any more than they do to change their clothes? People hire houses as they would a masquerade costume, liking, sometimes, to appear for a year in a little fictitious stone-front

splendor above their means. Thus it happens that so many people live in houses that do not fit them. I should almost as soon think of wearing another person's clothes as his house; unless I could let it out and take it in until it fitted, and somehow expressed my own character and taste. But we have fallen into the days of conformity. It is no wonder that people constantly go into their neighbors' houses by mistake, just as, in spite of the Maine law, they wear away each other's hats from an evening party. It has almost come to this, that you might as well be anybody else as yourself.

Am I mistaken in supposing that this is owing to the discontinuance of big chimneys, with wide fireplaces in them? How can a person be attached to a house that has no center attraction, no soul in it, in the visible form of a glowing fire and a warm chimney, like the heart in the body? When you think of the old homestead, if you ever do, your thoughts go straight to the wide chimney and its burning logs. No wonder that you are ready to move from one fireplaceless house into another.

But you have something just as good, you say. Yes; I have heard of it. This age, which imitates everything, even to the virtues of our ancestors, has invented a fireplace, with artificial, iron, or composition logs in it, hacked and painted, in which gas is burned, so that it has the appearance of a wood fire.

This seems to me blasphemy. Do you think a cat would lie down before it? Can you poke it? If you cannot poke it, it is a fraud. To poke a wood fire is more solid enjoyment than almost anything else in the world. The crowning human virtue in a man is to let his wife poke the fire. I do not know how any virtue whatever is possible over an imitation gas log.

What a sense of insincerity the family must have, if they indulge in the hypocrisy of gathering about it. With this center of untruthfulness, what must the life in the family be? Perhaps the father will be living at the rate of ten thousand a year on a salary of four thousand; perhaps the mother, more beautiful and younger than her beautified daughters, will rouge; perhaps the young ladies will make wax work.

A cynic might suggest as the motto of modern life this simple legend, "Just as good as the real." But I am not a cynic, and I hope for the rekindling of wood fires, and a return of the beautiful home light from them. If a wood fire is a luxury, it is cheaper than many in which we indulge without thought, and cheaper than the visits of a doctor, made necessary by the want of ventilation of the house. Not that I have anything against doctors; I only wish, after they have been to see us in a way that seems so friendly, they had nothing against us.

I should like to know what heroism a boy in an old New England farmhouse—rough-nursed by nature, and fed on the traditions of the old wars—did not aspire to. “John,” says the mother, “you’ll burn your head to a crisp in that heat.” But John does not hear; he is storming the Plains of Abraham just now. “Johnny, dear, bring in a stick of wood.” How can Johnny bring in wood when he is in that defile with Braddock, and the Indians are popping at him from behind every tree? There is something about a boy that I like, after all.

The fire rests upon the broad hearth; the hearth rests upon a great substruction of stone, and the substruction rests upon the cellar. What supports the cellar I never knew, but the cellar supports the family. The cellar is the foundation of domestic comfort. Into its dark, cavernous recesses the child’s imagination fearfully goes. Bogies guard the bins of choicest apples. I know not what comical sprites sit astride the cider barrels ranged along the walls. The feeble flicker of the tallow candle does not at all dispel, but creates illusions and magnifies all the rich possibilities of this underground treasure-house.

When the cellar door is opened, and the boy begins to descend into the thick darkness, it is always with a heartbeat as of one started upon some adventure. Who can forget the smell that comes through the opened door,—a mingling of fresh earth, fruit, exhal-

ing delicious aroma, kitchen vegetables, the mouldy odor of barrels, a sort of ancestral air,—as if a door had been opened into an old romance.

It is a temptation to a temperate man to become a sot, to hear what talent, what versatility, what genius is almost always attributed to a moderately bright man who is habitually drunk. Such a mechanic, such a mathematician, such a poet, he would be if he were only sober; and then he is sure to be the most generous, magnanimous, friendly soul, conscientiously honorable, if he were not so continuously drunk. I suppose it is now notorious that the most brilliant and promising men have been lost to the world in this way. It is sometimes almost painful to think what a surplus of talent and genius there would be in the world if the habit of intoxication should suddenly cease; and what a slim chance there would be for the plodding people who have always had tolerably good habits. The fear is only mitigated by the observation that the reputation of a person for great talent sometimes ceases with his reformation.

It is believed by some that the maidens who would make the best wives never marry, but remain free to bless the world with their impartial sweetness, and make it generally habitable. This is one of the mysteries of Providence and New England life. It seems a pity, at first sight, that all those who become

poor wives have the matrimonial chance, and that they are deprived of the reputation of those who would be good wives were they not set apart for the high and perpetual office of priestesses of society.

There is no beauty like that which was spoiled by an accident, no accomplishments and graces are so to be envied as those that circumstances rudely hindered the development of. All of which shows what a charitable and good-tempered world it is, notwithstanding its reputation for cynicism and detraction.

A good many people have the idea, so it seems, that Gothic architecture and Christianity are essentially one and the same thing. Just as many regard it as an act of piety to work an altar cloth or to cushion a pulpit. It may be, and it may not be.

Our Gothic church is likely to prove to us a valuable religious experience, bringing out many of the Christian virtues. It may have had its origin in pride, but it is all being overruled for our good. Of course I needn't explain that it is the thirteenth century ecclesiastic Gothic that is epidemic in this country; and I think it has attacked the Congregational and the other non-ritual churches more violently than any others. We have had it here in its most beautiful and dangerous forms. I believe we are pretty much all of us supplied with a Gothic church now.

Such has been the enthusiasm in this devout direc-

tion that I should not be surprised to see our rich private citizens putting up Gothic churches for their amusement and sanctification. It is beginning to be discovered that the Gothic sort of church edifice is fatal to the Congregational style of worship that has been prevalent here in New England; but it will do nicely (as they say in Boston) for private devotion.

There isn't a finer or purer church than ours anywhere, inside and outside, Gothic to the last. The elevation of the nave gives it even that "high shouldered" appearance which seemed more than anything else to impress Mr. Hawthorne in the cathedral at Amiens. I fancy that for genuine high-shoulderness we are not exceeded by any church in the city. Our chapel in the rear is as Gothic as the rest of it,—a beautiful little edifice. The committee forgot to make any more provision for ventilating than the church, and it takes a pretty well-seasoned Christian to stay in it long at a time.

The Sunday school is held there, and it is thought to be best to accustom the children to bad air before they go into the church. The poor little dears shouldn't have the wickedness and impurity of this world break on them too suddenly. If the stranger noticed any lack about our church, it would be that of a spire. There is a place for one. Indeed, it was begun, and then the builders seemed to have stopped,

with the notion that it would grow itself from such a good root. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that we do not know that the church has what the profane here call a "stump-tail" appearance. But the profane are as ignorant of history as they are of true Gothic.

All the Old World cathedrals were the work of centuries. That at Milan is scarcely finished yet. The unfinished spires of the Cologne cathedral are one of the best known features of it. I doubt if it would be in the Gothic spirit to finish a church at once. We can tell cavilers that we shall have a spire at the proper time, and not a minute before. It may depend a little upon what the Baptists do, who are to build near us. I, for one, think we had better wait and see how high the Baptist spire is, before we run ours up.

The church is everything that could be desired inside. There is the nave, with its lofty and beautiful arched ceiling. There are the side aisles, and two elegant rows of stone pillars, stained so as to be a perfect imitation of stucco. There is the apse, with its stained glass and exquisite lines; and there is an organ loft over the front entrance, with a rose window. Nothing was wanting, so far as we could see, except that we should adapt ourselves to the circumstances; and that we have been trying to do ever since.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

STROP, to sharpen on a strip of leather or canvass.	SUB STRUC'TION, that which is beneath.
BLOW'ERS, flues to increase the draft.	CAV'ERN OUS, cave-like, hollow.
REG'IS TER, contrivance for the admission of warm air into a room.	BO'GIES, bugbears, goblins.
MAS QUER ADE', a disguise, a false showing.	DE TRAC'TION, slander, defama-tion.
FIC TI'TIOUS, unreal, imaginary.	GOTH'IC, a style of architecture which demands points or spires.
DIS CON TIN'U ANCE, bringing to an end, interruption.	EC CLE SI AS'TIC, officially related to the church.
ROUGE, to tint the face with rouge, a red compound for painting the skin.	RIT'UAL, a printed creed, a book of rites and ceremonies.
CYN'IC, one who sneers.	NAVE, the main body of a church.
	CAV'IL ERS, fault-finders.
	APSE, the altar end of a church.

CXXII—THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

JANE TAYLOR.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless: each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence.



But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me, to accuse other people of laziness; you, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face and to amuse yourself with all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backward and forward year after year as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"—"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of the next twenty-four hours. Per-

haps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied: "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."—"Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, 'I'll stop.'"

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue, but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that so useful and industrious a person as you are should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; and, although this may fatigue us to think of, the question is whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you, now, do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"—"Not in the least,"—replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."—"Very

good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, although you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one, and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.—"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "that we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie abed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; and, a beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning upon looking at the clock he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.



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